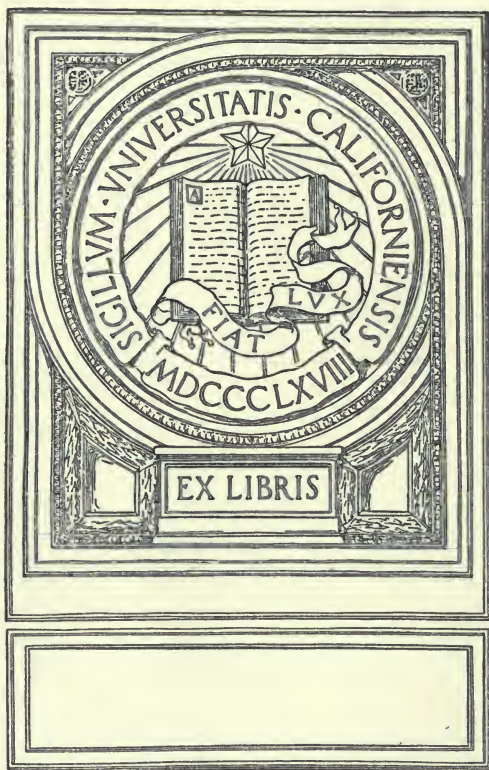


YESTERDAY

WITH

THE FATHERS

W. W. Newton, D.D.



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Yesterday with the Fathers

By
Wm. Wilberforce Newton, D. D.
"



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NOT
FOR
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Dedication
to
GEORGE B. CLUETT,

Whose life, like the overflowing River Nile, has enriched all those who have been blest with his friendship, this volume is dedicated, by one whose love is only equalled by his life-long respect.



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Yesterday with the Fathers

CHAPTER I

CHURCH LEADERS IN PENNSYLVANIA FIFTY YEARS AGO

THE Rev. Dr. Tyng, at St. Paul's church (1830-1840), was perhaps the foremost representative of pulpit power in Philadelphia at this period. He stood upon the vantage ground of a distinctly definite reputation as a powerful and effective preacher, and St. Paul's church, with the memories of its former rectors, Dr. Magaw and Dr. Pilmore, was a conspicuous rostrum for a man with a message. Dr. Tyng at this period was a man of great power, and was one who knew his strength and was conscious of his many and striking gifts. When he said after his first visit to Europe that there was only one man in England who made him feel small, and that man was the Rev. Hugh McNeill, of Liverpool, he probably spoke the absolute truth.

St. Andrew's church in Philadelphia was at this period the conspicuous shrine of great pulpit power. Dr. Gregory Thurston Bedell held aloft the torch of evangelical light and power, and created a following of great influence as he preached from his high stool in the pulpit of this new church. It was sometimes a question whether this sensitive creature, like Tennyson's Nautilus, in the poem of "Maud,"

"Frail, but a work divine," would be able to finish his sermon, owing to his excessive weakness; and after the morning service was over he would be tenderly cared for and put to bed to rest his wearied frame for the evening service.

Dr. John A. Clark, his successor, was also a preacher of great power, and his book, "Walks about Zion," was a great favorite with the devout women of that period.

Rev. Thomas M. Clark, afterwards the popular Bishop of Rhode Island, followed as rector of St. Andrews church, and received a large number of votes at the episcopal election which was held in 1845, when Dr. Alonzo Potter was chosen Bishop as the successor to Bishop Underdonk.

The coming of Bishop Alonzo Potter to Philadelphia was the inauguration of a new epoch in the history of the Episcopal church in that city. The Evangelicals who had supported Dr. Tyng, and afterwards Dr. Thomas M. Clark, were afraid of the newly elected Professor from Union College because he did not use the shibboleths and pass-words of their party. They looked upon him as a Deist of the Paley school of thought. The high churchmen were equally alarmed at his election, for they saw in him an Erastian of the Tillotson type, and were unable to detect in his thought and speech the signs of the aggressive churchmanship of Bishop Hobart. It was a hard and difficult field into which the brave and stalwart soul of Alonzo Potter descended when he took up the reins of ecclesiastical government in the diocese of Pennsylvania sixty years ago. But it is the crowning glory of this remarkable man that in the twenty years of his wonderful episcopate he created new con-

ditions and new standards, so that at his death the old boundaries and land-marks were completely forgotten, and a new order of things was in evidence, as marked and emphatic as the ascending deposits of geology.

I can think of no more lonely and heroic figure in the annals of American church history than that of Bishop Alonzo Potter entering into the unsympathetic and uncongenial atmosphere of Philadelphia and the vast outlying regions of the entire state of Pennsylvania. Misunderstood, doubted, distrusted, and left alone to himself, this silent, solitary man in twenty years' time obliterated party spirit, annihilated lesser and inferior standards and raised the great diocese of Pennsylvania to a higher, nobler level.

Following Bishop Clark, Bishop Stevens and Rev. Dr. Paddock kept alive the flame of church life at St. Andrew's church, as the worthy successors of Dr. Bedell and the two Clarks.

At old St. Peter's, Bishop Odenheimer, Dr. Leeds and Dr. Davies maintained the traditions of Dr. DeLancey. Dr. Richard Newton, at St. Paul's, for years conducted the church upon the lines laid down by Dr. Tyng, and by his pulpit efforts and his Sunday school work, and organizing parochial power, sailed for twenty years a sinking ship with the flag boldly flying at the main peak.

Of Dr. Vinton and Phillips Brooks, at Holy Trinity, I will speak in another chapter.

The ministry of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, at the Church of the Epiphany, and afterwards at Concert Hall, was a memorable one. He was invited from Cincinnati to become the rector of the Church of the Epiphany, and brought the traditions of his father's former ministry

at St. Paul's along with his own charming and magnetic personality. He was young, handsome, popular, enthusiastic, and was a very god among his fellow clergymen and with his admiring and devoted parishioners.

But the blow came unexpectedly when, as he was preaching one Sunday morning about the evils of slavery and the struggle in the state of Kansas over the much debated Lecompton constitution, the tall form of Dr. Casper Morris, then one of the vestrymen of the church, was seen to rise in his pew and rebuke the preacher for introducing politics into the worship of the sanctuary. The preacher paused, turned down his manuscript, and listened calmly to the protest of his aroused and excited parishoner, and then, when the speaker from the pew had finished, continued his discourse with the words, "As I was saying a few moments before I was interrupted by the gentleman who has just resumed his seat." Of course, this incident created a great stir in the church in Philadelphia. The political situation was becoming more and more tense. The campaign of Fremont and Dayton as against Buchanan and Breckenridge was agitating the country at large. Events were rapidly tending towards that issue which Helper, of North Carolina, had called "The Impending Crisis." Mr. Seward had given expression to the feeling of the hour by the phrase which he had coined, "The higher law." Parties in church and state were tumbling to pieces and were re-forming upon other and more congenial lines. Good evangelical clergymen and laymen were torn in twain between their sense of the unfitness of this occasion and the subject which was in everyone's mind, and which kept moving like the precession of the equinoxes

irresistably to the front. These pious churchmen would affiliate with Hicksite Quaker elders and the Roman Catholic hierarchy if they were sound upon the no-slavery question, and though the feeling about the Rev. Dudley Tyng's action in preaching politics upon a Sunday morning was to the effect that it was unwise and inappropriate; still, it was also distinctly borne in mind that the nation, if it would be saved from its enemies, must have its open and avowed defenders, and also that the Church of the Epiphany at this period was a nest of copperheads and of proslavery sympathizers. The contest over this sermon about Kansas became so intense that the young rector resigned, and removed with a large following from the Epiphany and from other churches in Philadelphia to the great auditorium of Concert Hall, on Chestnut street, where he created the parish known as the "Church of the Covenant." This parish afterwards became established upon Filbert street, in the stone building which was erected at that time, and which was closed as a church shortly after the ministry of the Rev. Richard Newton, in the year 1888.

During the revival meetings at Jaynes' Hall, in 1859, the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng was one of the chief speakers and busy workers, and was always heard with the greatest attention whenever he addressed the vast audience which gathered daily in that place. There were two very original and striking sermons preached by the elder Dr. Tyng at the beginning and at the close of the Rev. Dudley Tyng's ministry at the Church of the Covenant. One of these sermons, on the occasion of the first service of the Church of the Covenant, was preached by the elder Dr. Tyng, then rector of St. George's church, New York, on the verse found in Acts 17: 5. "But the Jews which

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believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and gathered a company, and set all the city in an uproar and assaulted the house of Jason, and sought to bring them out to the people." The sermon from this text was a most original and caustic parallel between the condition of affairs in Thessalonica and the state of things in Philadelphia, with no comparison between the conduct of St. Paul and the conduct of his son Dudley, as also the similarity of the behavior of the people of Thessalonica with the action of the vestry of the Church of the Epiphany.

The other sermon, by Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, was at the funeral of his son Dudley, at Concert Hall. This funeral service was one of the most impressive burials ever held in Philadelphia. It grew from parochial to civic, and from civic to national proportions, and it was remembered by those who thought of this brilliant career cut down in its prime that here was a man who was not only a clergyman and a preacher whose dying words to the great assemblies which crowded Jayne's Hall were "Stand up for Jesus," but here was the voice of a young prophet which had spoken in the wilderness, and had dared to say of the encroaching line of slavery as it surged northward through Missouri into Kansas, "Thus far shalt thou come and no further, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."

The text of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng upon this occasion was the words of Hannah, as contained in I Samuel, 1st chapter, the 27th and 28th verses: "For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." I think in all the annals of church life in Philadelphia

there has been nothing so touching and so truly patriarchal as this funeral discourse by a noted father over a noble and heroic son. It had about it something of the flavor of the days of the old Roman republic, with the added light of Christianity upon it. One cannot but think of Shakespeare's touch in the tragedy of "Julius Caesar," where Mark Antony, in praising the dead, creates a distinctly new regime of power for the future.

St. Stephen's church at this period exerted no little influence on the social life of Philadelphia.

I well remember as a boy, when the Burd monuments were placed in the church, and the interest and excitement which their introduction into this house of God caused. Doctor Ducachet, the rector, considered himself in a certain way the especial guardian of these exquisite monuments, and rightly to estimate them was the same thing to his mind as to attend the most elaborate service. To admire the statuary was with him more than sacrifice, and to venerate the angel in the group was better than the fat of rams. Dr. Ducachet's successor, the Rev. Dr. Rudder, exerted a great influence in his pulpit administrations at St. Stephen's. His sermons were thoughtful and serious. Men and women of culture and refinement wended their way to St. Stephen's, and soon the church was filled morning and evening with earnest and attentive listeners. The music of the period furnished the popular element at these services, and the preacher in the pulpit gave his hearers always something to think about. The thought was strong and dignified, and the voice of the preacher was rich and sonorous, with a distinct suggestion in it of the wonderful voice of Bishop Alonzo Potter.

There were other pulpit lights, greater and lesser in character, at this period of church life in Philadelphia.

The Rev. William Suddards, at Grace church, was the legitimate successor of the elder Dr. Bedell. Dr. Suddards was originally a Wesleyan minister, with an unction of manner and a torrent of eloquence, with a peculiarly rugged and engaging tone of voice, and a warmth of expression which had in it a powerful element of contagion.

The Rev. Kingston Goddard, at the Church of the Atonement, was another favorite pulpit orator of the Stephen A. Douglas order. Keen, witty, brilliant, sarcastic, lithe in debate, skillful in defence, piercing in attack, he too, had his strong following on the platform and in the arena where the trained partisan was always popular.

There were many popular speakers and preachers who held forth on the platform of the famous Jaynes' Hall prayer meeting. Among them was that well known and favorite orator, the Rev. Richard Cardan, whose voice seemed to come from some abysmal depths of his nature like the borings of an artesian well.

The Rev. Dr. Pratt, from Portland, was the successor of Rev. Dudley Tyng, and carried the congregation which had seceded from the Church of the Epiphany, and which had been swollen into huge proportions by accretions from other congregations, to the new church building on Filbert street, the Church of the Covenant. The Rev. Treadwell Walden in the early sixties was charming large congregations of young men who flocked to hear him preach at St. Clement's church, before it took its bend toward ritualism; and later on the Rev. Dr. Currie, at St. Luke's church, was attracting large

congregations who flocked to listen to his piquant and recherche eloquence. But in these bygone days it was never safe for one rector to cross the line of demarcation which separated him from his opposite church party, or to attempt the vain and hopeless work of trying to create church unity by exchanging pulpits with men who differed from him in their beliefs. It was a noticeable fact that whenever the elder Dr. Tyng was absent for a Sunday and had a stranger in his place, the sermon on the Sunday following was sure to be a very severe one. When asked by one of his congregation the reason of this, Dr. Tyng replied, "I always find it wise and expedient to resort to a spiritual alternative after a stranger has occupied my pulpit." A story used to be told at the Church of the Epiphany of the Rev. Dr. Fowles, who always secured a certain clerical supply when he was intending to be away. This supply brother was a stronger Calvinist even than the rector, and in his farewell note of instructions upon a certain occasion when giving the hymns and the notices to this minister, left in charge, Dr. Fowles added: "P. S. We still give poor sinners a chance at the Church of the Epiphany."

Such are a few reminiscences of the past fifty years. The contrasts in most respects between the life of today and the life of yesterday is the contrast between the power of personality and the power of organization; between the power of individualism and the power of institutionalism. We have gained much and lost something from these years that are past. We have put to shame that absorbing church of yesterday. The church of fifty years ago seemed to exist as a great sponge, to absorb all that there was to have or to hold of religious and spiritual truth. The church of today scatters where

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the church of yesterday held fast. But there was a personal depth and earnestness of meaning to the religious life in these years that are gone, which somehow is not discovered in our institutional churchmanship of today. And it is well at times to go back and ponder over these sources of spiritual and religious strength which were so manifest in the story of "Yesterday with the Fathers."

CHAPTER II

BISHOP ALONZO POTTER AND THE BORDERLAND OF THE SOCIAL WORLD

A STRANGE truce of God, such as was familiar to the warring knights and crusaders of the middle ages, existed between the church and the world in the history of church life in Philadelphia forty years ago.

Society could not get on without the church, and the Episcopal church, which was nothing if not respectable, could not get on without society. Christ church, St. Peter's, St. James' and St. Stephen's furnished to the church in Philadelphia dignified and moneyed laymen, and furnished also to the claims of society beautiful and accomplished women.

When Bishop Alonzo Potter came to Philadelphia, in 1845, he naturally felt at home in that society which welcomed him to its inner shrine, and in this way he frequented those social gatherings of literary and refined men which were held in turn at the houses of the members upon Saturday evenings, and were closed on each occasion with a sumptuous repast.

In Bishop Howe's memoirs of the life and services of Bishop Alonzo Potter there is an account of these "Wistar Parties," as they were called, with Bishop Potter's wise and fatherly reply to a letter from a well known presbyter in the diocese who had kindly, but evidently with great seriousness of purpose, written a letter of criticism upon him for attendance at these "worldly gatherings."

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Nothing shows the power of this great father of the church to rightly size things as his capacity to understand the atmosphere of the new environment he was called to live in, and to adapt himself, body, mind and spirit, to the thoroughly average condition of church life into which this illustrious and superior nature was content, for the cause he had at heart, without a murmur to descend.

Dante's over-arching motto at the gate of Inferno might well have been the sustaining motto of this great life in the change made from the academic surrounding of Union college to the plain and prosaic streets of Philadelphia:

"Ye who enter here
All hope abandon."

A child's ideal of a great character is one which will last throughout his entire life, and can never be forgotten, and the influence of this great life upon the writer, who, as a child, looked on and wondered at it, made the myth of the historic Washington seem actual as it was realized in the Bishop Potter who walked the streets of Philadelphia and gave dignity to those streets by the lustre which fell from his character and his countenance.

Sixty years ago in Philadelphia, one could not but be painfully impressed, as Bishop Howe declares in his life of Bishop Potter, "with the rowdyism and apparent profligacy of multitudes of the young men lounging about the corners and taverns, running with the fire engines, and making night hideous with their yells and street fights. Many of these night prowlers, born of destitute parents, had been compelled in early boyhood to enter the workshops and factories for employment, and to

forego instruction in even the elementary branches of common learning. The police was at that period almost impotent, for what is now the compact city of Philadelphia was then six independent municipalities, and rioters had but to run a few squares from any point to get beyond the jurisdiction of their pursuers. All these influences combined to make the metropolis of Pennsylvania renowned for its lawlessness and violence."

Bishop Potter's method of seeking to change this terrible condition of affairs was not by appealing to the civil powers, but by quietly establishing a number of young men's institutes in different portions of the city, conducted and supported by a noble band of zealous and devoted laymen.

In this way the professor at Union college came, by way of the Wistar parties to quelling the firemen's riots, which, at that period were a disgrace to the city, with its satirical name of "Brotherly Love."

It is difficult to realize in the present well-appointed condition of the paid fire department of our cities to what excesses the old volunteer fire companies ran. In the active days of old St. Paul's mission work in Philadelphia the young men of the Pastoral Aid society used to conduct many cottage meetings in the homes of the poor in those portions of the city known as Southwark and Moyamensing. In many of these homes pictures would be hung upon the walls representing the terrible combats between the Moyamensing Hose and the Hibernia Engine company, or the death of some noted bully or fireman hero who was killed in one of these bloody street fights.

Yet down even into this lower arena the genius of the great Bishop Potter descended, and while he was criticised by the rival church party papers for his wide or Erastian policy, he was even then turning his back upon

scholarship and society that he might bring peace out of this ruffian borderland of mob and riot.

Philadelphia, before the great Centennial exhibition of 1876, was an overgrown provincial Quaker town. Since that critical summer it has been a great metropolis. Prior to the year 1859 it had no opera house, and was served in its world of amusement by a few second-rate theatres. The building of the great opera house at the corner of Broad and Locust streets was watched with eagerness by the boys who used to go to Dr. Hare's Episcopal Academy; and when at the peak of the roof was placed the evergreen tree which told of the building's completion, it was considered by very many that Satan was let loose for the little season mentioned in the book of the Apocalypse.

Courses of lectures were frequently given during these days at the hall of the University of Pennsylvania; but there were many clergymen and laymen who on no condition would enter the Academy of Music even to listen to a course of University lectures, or to witness the annual commencement of the University of Pennsylvania.

The 'one great clerical dissipation of those days was the very remarkable extent to which the clerical mind was given over to the intoxication of rival elocutionists and elocutionary classes.

Bronson had published his book; Taverner had his circle of devoted admirers, and the aged Lemuel White, with his daughter Irene, was giving his readings of the Scripture and the Prayer Book. This old elocutionist and former actor, Lemuel White, was a singular and interesting character, and acted as a curious link between the ministry and the stage of that day. He used to take his actor students to hear Maffit and Summerfield, the revivalists, and to listen to Dr. Tyng, Dr. Suddards

and the rhetorical Dr. Wadsworth. Frequently the actors of that period went to church for no other reason than to hear their instructor's clerical pupils, who of course were taught in separate classes. And on one occasion a party of clerical gentlemen in black clothes were left alone in the coliseum at Rome on the boards of the theatre—having taken a wrong position when the scenes were shifted, whereupon Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, approached them as Spartacus—to their great mortification and to the intense amusement of their eccentric instructor, who had prevailed upon them in this way to listen to his distinguished pupil on the stage.

Thus in many ways it is evident that while the borderland of the social world upon the church forty years ago was very marked, it was at the same time a thoroughly conventional borderland, and one in which, like the land spoken of by the prophet, "The light was dim and it was neither dark nor light." I can think of no present statesman in the church who could have done the wonderful work which was done in the twenty years of the episcopate of Bishop Alonzo Potter in Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER III

THE MINISTRY OF PHILLIPS BROOKS IN PHILADELPHIA

WHEN Phillips Brooks came to the Church of the Advent, at Fifth and Buttonwood streets, in the fall of the year 1859, he found that his old friend and class-mate at the Virginia Seminary, the Rev. Henry A. Wise, was the idol and the wonder of the Episcopal church in Philadelphia. No one can tell what young Wise would have grown to had he been allowed to live. Perhaps he might have developed into great power; perhaps his eloquence was the note of the dying swan. He had on his cast of countenance the look of the poet Keats, and there seemed to be a flavor of "Endymion" about everything he said and did. From church to church, wherever he went, with his sermon committed to memory, the crowd flocked after him, and the thin, pale, nervous form trembled as it inspired and awed men and woman; and every one said: "How wonderful—but he will die soon." And so the way was left open for the young Bostonian who was beginning his ministry at the Church of the Advent.

It was first a question whether this so-called transcendental mind, with a rather thin coating of Evangelical theology laid on by Dr. Sparrow at the Virginia seminary, would square itself with the average Philadelphia layman's standard. But it is the sign of genius to fit the situation, whatever the situation may be; and in three month's time this young man, whom his Low church friends eyed askance, and his High church friends could

not begin to fathom, was started on his road up the heights to Olympus, while all the world wondered.

The minstry of Phillips Brooks, both at the Church of the Advent and at Holy Trinity, was phenomenal. There was about his gait and bearing and his entire method of thought the unmistakable Greek sense of vitality, enjoyment of life and untold possibilities of power. First he was a wonder to his friends, and then he seemed to be a perpetual wonder to himself, as if he did not know what would happen to him next. Shelley, Browning, Swinburne, touches of the old Greek love of life and joy of accomplishment—the perpetual delight of accomplished effort—seemed best to represent this wondrous creature's capacity to interpret life. During all this period he seemed most like Browning's David, the shepherd boy with harp strings over which the lilies had been strung, forever seeking to restore to song the nature that was dumb and lifeless and inert. It is no wonder that this clerical Apollo—this "sun-treader," as Shelley was called by his followers—should draw to his side the students of Philadelphia, and especially those students who were looking forward to the work of the Christian ministry and who saw in Phillips Brooks their lustrous ideal. In the college life of the period and afterwards in the days at the Philadelphia Divinity school, he was the magnetic centre of hundreds of young lives; and his entrance into a college room or into a social gathering was, as Professor Allen says in his biography of him, the sign for the life and the fun to begin. At my father's home, on Clinton street, my mother gave me twice a year a college supper for my fellow classmates of the class of '65, at which we had all sorts of pranks and absurd imitations of professorial and ecclesiastical functions, such as a medical autopsy and the presentation of a pastoral staff to one of the class, whom we always designated as "The Bishop."

And no one enjoyed these frolicsome gatherings or entered more heartily into them than the young and marvelous rector of Holy Trinity church. The more like irrepressible puppies or kittens these boys appeared, the more the tall clerical giant, with his great round eyes and his drooping eyeglasses, seemed to be at home. He would join in the songs and carry on the fun, and enter into all the mischief of the moment, with an abandon that made many at the table wonder what it all meant, on the part of this brilliant and inspired preacher. And it was in this way that this lifelong friendship began, when the writer was still a college boy at the old university, on Ninth street near Chestnut. Of course, it was very plain why the college man should seek for the brilliant preacher; but why this great preacher and leader of men should care for the companionship of such as he was a perpetual wonder and surprise to the astonished youth. Many were the evenings, late at night, on towards twelve o'clock, when before No. 1113 Walnut street, or in front of 1333 Spruce street, or at the corner of Fifteenth and Locust streets, a lonely boy, cold and cheerless, would perform six notes of Gounod's—in Sybil's flower song in "Faust"—like a finch which never got beyond the taught and trained note of the enforced lesson, when up would go the window and out would come that great head, and the glasses would go on and that strange, quizzical look would come into the face as he would whisper: "Is that you, Willie? Come up softly; all hands have gone to bed!" And then these nocturnal calls would be repeated sometimes at one o'clock in the morning in the sacred precincts of Clinton street, where so many of the clergy resided; only as the caller below was a mute minstrel and could not sing operatic or other airs, he would have recourse to the little trick of throwing up small sticks and stones to strike the window panes

of the third-story chamber. And then those delightful, charming stolen hours—how sweet and strong and helpful they were! We did not talk shop or gossip on ecclesiastical items. These midnight prowls, these hidden secret interviews, were too precious for such subjects as these. It was Ruskin's newest brochure, or Matthew Arnold's last poem, or Browning's latest venture, which engaged the conversation; and then, after helping himself to any stray manuscripts which he might find upon the table, and after stuffing his overcoat pockets with the latest productions of the college boy, he would be off again down the stairs, perhaps at two or three o'clock in the morning, the boy carrying a candle wherewith to open the door—the entire performance being conducted after the silent haste of the funeral of Sir John Moore at Corunna, in Spain. Is it any wonder that as one looks back over this lifelong friendship, begun as a college boy in Philadelphia and ended as a presbyter of the Diocese of Massachusetts, of which he was the bishop, that refrain of the pious Jews comes back to one's mind, "We have Abraham to our Father?"

In those days the Evangelical or Low church clergy used to have weekly prayer meetings in their churches upon Tuesday afternoons throughout the winter. Some six or ten ministers would gather in the church without vestments and would make extemporaneous prayers and addresses. Whenever we discovered that Brooks was to speak certain of us would get to these meetings from the university. Upon one occasion a large congregation had gathered at the Church of the Atonement, Seventeenth and Summer streets, to hear the young rector of Holy Trinity. The services began with a hymn, when to our unutterable surprise and to that of the large congregation, the Rev. Mr. Brooks appeared in the main aisle and quietly took a seat in the same pew with us.

"But, Brooks," we said, "you were to speak today, and we have come from college on purpose to hear you. What is the matter?" "Well, you see," he whispered, as he crouched down in the pew, "Brother Blank said to me, 'I see you have not come prepared to make the address to-day.'" "And why not?" I asked. "Because," said the gentleman in charge of the meeting, "you have forgotten to wear the white clerical tie, which is considered proper for such occasions as this." It seems strange in these days to think of such extremely refined mint, anise and cummin as this, and it only shows that the spirit of ritual resides in human nature, and not in this or that party. Here was a group of Low church clergymen who refused to conduct their prayer meeting clad in cassock and surplice, and insisted upon appearing in plain black citizens' clothes in the chancel, who yet declined to allow the Rev. Phillips Brooks to address a large congregation which had come on purpose to hear him because he wore a black cravat and did not conform to the thin, white conventional necktie, such as one sees in the pictures of the older Evangelical clergymen.

It was when Phillips Brooks was at the height of his power and influence as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia that a strange episode occurred which showed how sane and level was his judgment. He was invited to Mr. Jay Cooke's newly-built palatial residence at Ogontz upon a special errand, and I went along with him as his companion and guest of my dear old friend, Mr. Cooke. There was a long seance between Mr. Cooke and Mr. Brooks, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when we retired to our communicating rooms. Then, throwing off his coat and lighting a cigar, he made known the object of this special visit to Ogontz. It appeared that Mr. Cooke was very anxious for Mr. Brooks to resign his position as rector of Holy Trinity

and become a special missionary agent for Mr. Cooke. He was to fix his own salary and was to devote five years of his life to the work of visiting every state in the Union, and of preaching the gospel to every creature. Just as Mr. Cooke had preached the 5.30 and the 7.30 loans during the war days to the American people, so he would undertake the greater and more difficult task of preaching the Gospel to the American nation through the missionary efforts of the Rev. Phillips Brooks. It was a sublime and magnificent venture, a great and effective modern crusade of genius and common sense, backed by the great banker who had successfully financed the American people through the struggle of the War of the Rebellion. Phillips Brooks was at first dazed by the boldness of the conception, and talked far into the morning about the greatness of this magnificent effort. But on the way home the next morning he said to me that though he had a month in which to think it over, he had already decided to decline the invitation. The reasons given by Mr. Brooks showed the sanity of his judgment and the perfectly normal working of his intensely practical mind. He felt it would not be doing the church's work in the church's way; it would be of the nature of a patented article, a sort of proprietary religion, and it would very likely come to pass that in a short time there might be a radical difference of opinion between the preacher and the proprietor as to what constituted the gospel which was to be preached.

But it was the wonderful sermons at Holy Trinity on Sunday morning and afternoon which revealed the inner and essential power of this man. There was a little group of us who used to gather in the vestry room and hear the sermons from this place of cover, as we were generally late from our own church or Sunday school. And when the young rector burst into the vestry room

from the chancel, with one touch of a button flung himself out of his large lawn surplice and into his black silk gown, it was always with a bright and cheery word or touch of the hand, and then he was gone again, back into the chancel and up the steps of the pulpit, where he closed himself in with a gate which locked with a clutch and a click. Then he would sit for a moment, brightening his glasses with his handkerchief, and having carefully put them on, would survey the vast congregation, apparently taking in as by a searchlight of vision every individual person in the great audience. In fact, the electric touch of contact came while the choir and the congregation were singing the hymn before the sermon. It was then that every person in the church realized the fact that those mysterious eyes had noticed his presence and had taken into consideration the fact that A, B and C were in the church on this special day. Then standing up to his work, he would preach from thirty to forty minutes, being now intent only upon delivering his message and seeing and hearing nothing but the message on the written page before him and the divine service from which that inspired message came. The special thought of the occasion was generally some broad, great ethical fact, enwrapped in a gauze-like veil of imagination. Together the element of fact and the element of fiction would spin round each other like some Oriental dance or like some rhythmic refrain in an operatic chorus. Eastern mystic passionateness mingled with hard-headed New England common sense, and one was breathless under the spell of this rapidity of utterance until the subject seemed alive with light and fire, and with the divine, as if it were Mount Sinai which was alive with God. And that long, silent pause after the sermon had been delivered—how impressive it was!—and then he was back in the vestry room with his boys

again, thinking their little thoughts and talking their little talk and trying to make them feel that he was simply one of them, and that any one of them could do what he had just done, only vastly better. At times it was pathetic to see how he claimed us and longed to be one of us, and repelled the idea that there was any gulf fixed which separated his phenomenal genius from our monumental matter-of-factness!

During the later years of Mr. Brooks's residence in Philadelphia he enjoyed the comforts of home life, sharing the large and commodious residence of the Rev. Charles D. Cooper. This twofold home life in one mansion was a rare and beautiful exhibition of friendship, and their very oppositeness of nature showed itself in many amusing and agreeable ways. Towards the end of Holy Week, Dr. Cooper always made a great showing of fishing rods and lines and flies, which were to be ready for an annual fishing trip, to be taken upon Easter Monday. But it generally happened that something in the way of a parochial engagement prevented this fishing trip from materializing; and so the trout lines and rods would be carefully dusted and put back again into their place to serve until the next Easter Monday. Mr. Brooks always entered heartily into the spirit of this annual exploitation, and used to say: "Don't come to see me next week; Cooper and I are going off on our annual fishing excursion!"

The call and the removal to Boston in 1869 broke up the ten delightful years of his Philadelphia ministry. But the next year there was a swarm of some of us to Boston—Percy Browne to Roxbury, Tiffany to St. Mark's, and the writer to St. Paul's, Brookline. And there again we founded another Troy, and had another Clerical club, and kept up our old line of life as we had done before

in Pennsylvania. But of Brook's early ministry in Boston we must speak in another chapter.

As I look back over the entire career of Phillips Brooks, with all the wonderful products which time and occasion and environment evolved out of his great nature, I am still impressed with the fact that the ten years of his ministry in Philadelphia were, in a certain sense, his most brilliant achievement. In Boston, and at Cambridge, and throughout Massachusetts, and at last as bishop, he was wonderful, and was always plumb to the longitude and latitude of the occasion. In his Philadelphia ministry he appealed to the imagination; in his later Boston ministry he sought above every other element in his preaching to master the human will. But for one I cannot but think of the Philadelphia days as a sort of Napoleonic campaign in Italy, with Lodi and Arcola and Marengo. Napoleon fought greater battles, but never achieved such marvelous magical results. I do not know why I should compare these two men in this way unless it is that genius always compels us to come to a halt and demands of us a countersign as to how the seemingly impossible is done.

And in each of these cases there seemed to be the spell of a wizard cast over the field of achievement. But more than this we can but guess at, for genius is a sphynx, and gives us no satisfactory answers.

CHAPTER IV

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHURCH LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA

(1) THE PULPIT POWER OF YESTERDAY

WHEN the secretary of war in President Jackson's administration told the executive that he must remove the Rev. Mr. McIlvaine from the chaplaincy at West Point or he would convert that school of arms into a divinity school—the day of pulpit power in the Episcopal church had begun.

Dr. Francis Vinton, Bishop Polk and others were the first fruits of Bishop McIlvaine's pulpit oratory at West Point, and soon the great preachers were at work, changing that colonial institution known as the Episcopal church in the United States of America into the National church which it is today.

What Dr. Tyng was in his pulpit at New York, the Rev. John A. Clarke, and the elder Dr. Bedell, at St. Andrew's church, were in Philadelphia.

Those names were household words in those days in the City of Brotherly Love. Their standard was high; their lives were pure; their creed was simple, and their faith was strong. It could not but happen then, that the ministry of such men was attended with "demonstration of the spirit and of power."

Into such a ministerial world—shy and trembling, and filled with modesty and fear, the youthful Richard Newton entered to fulfill his "forty and six years in building," in his long ministry at St. Paul's, and the Epiphany and the Covenant.

To the last he was a power, and like so many faithful workmen of God, had the greatest of all privileges vouchsafed to God's workers in the ministry—the privilege of dying at his post with his armor girded on.

The Rev. James H. Fowls, at the Church of Epiphany, was another pulpit orator of no mean order. The ministry of this man marked the high-water line of Calvinistic theology. A southerner from South Carolina, believing firmly in that predestination which made the white man a master and the black man a slave, he exerted a decided influence in the ministerial world in Philadelphia, and left a sweet and gentle influence behind him, the result of his holy and consistent life, long after his peculiar Calvinistic tenets were forgotten.

Never shall I, as a very little boy, forget the scene at the Church of the Epiphany, when in that great church, with its sombre black hangings, the emblems of a parish mourning, with the sacred edifice packed and crowded, the two galleries which girded the church being filled, the young rector of St. Paul's preached the funeral sermon about the life and ministry of his dear brother in the faith. The text was taken from Jacob's blessing upon Joseph, "His bow abode in strength and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."

Little did the preacher on that occasion realize that so very soon he himself would be called to finish the work which his companion and faithful friend had begun in that church, which was built by the elder Tyng in the early days of his wonderful ministry in that city. There were five or six "big boys" who sat with this little boy in the second gallery on that memorable occasion.

Several of these big boys are now in the church's ministry today. I wonder if they remember how they behaved on that occasion, or what they did when the sex-

ton was out of sight. Perhaps they have forgotten all about it in the lapse of years, but the immortality of thought begins very early in life, and things somehow seem never to be forgotten.

The ministry of the Rev. Dudley Tyng, as we have seen in a former chapter, can never be forgotten by any who shared in its influence or were eye-witnesses of its power. The tone of voice, the smile in the eye, the heroism of his courage, his banishment from the church which his father built, where he himself was brought up as a boy, the flight to Concert Hall, the founding of the Church of the Covenant, the wonderful influence of this man in the great revival meetings at Jayne's Hall in the revival of 1857 and 1858, the tragic death, and the solemn funeral service in which the entire city joined, are in our memory still.

Closely following the death of Dudley Tyng there came to Philadelphia three men of varying influence and power. The Rev. James Pratt was one of these. He was the immediate successor of the younger Tyng, through whose formative influence the seceding congregation from the Epiphany changed from a worshipping assembly in Concert Hall into the Church of the Covenant on Filbert street, where Dr. Richard Newton ended his ministry, after which, with his death, the building was sold.

Another marked ministry of this same period was the brief ministry at that church which was specially built for him, the ministry of Alexander Hamilton Vinton, at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Once before in the old St. Paul's Church, Boston, this man had patted the writer's curly head, when as a little fellow he had visited Boston, and had been taken by his father to see the great Dr. Vinton, and found him at the Sear's library in old St. Paul's,

So the boy, now getting ready to be a Freshman at the University of Pennsylvania, went to hear his former friend preach his opening sermon, in 1857, at the great new church at Nineteenth and Walnut streets.

Who that knew Dr. Vinton well could ever forget the deep, fathomless, majestic voice? There was moral fibre in every word he uttered; and I hear those tones now: "So built we the wall—for the people had a mind to work."

Yet that ministry in Philadelphia was a strange disappointment. The doctor in some way was after all not in a harmonious environment, and his two years' service there was a sort of John the Baptist ministry—preparing the way for his young friend and follower, who was to come after him—the wonderful dawning of the ministry of Phillips Brooks.

Henry A. Wise and Phillips Brooks, as we have seen in a former chapter, came to Philadelphia from the Alexandria seminary almost together. Wise was first on the ground, and had earned his following, when the shadow of death was seen in his face, and the storm of the coming War of the Rebellion was beginning to break.

Before these days, the Rev. Richard Newton, at old St. Paul's, was preaching once a month, year after year, to crowded audiences, his sermons on the life of Saul, and the men and women of the Bible. Before the doors were opened a crowd was always at the gate; chairs and benches were brought in the aisles; people were standing up or were crowding on pulpit and chancel steps, while the music led by Mr. Louis Redner and his brother Joseph was delighting the vast congregation by its almost rural simplicity. The sweet singer of those days, the sister, whose tender voice we always wanted to hear, added her charms to the service, as she sang "The Three Calls" or "Flee as a Bird to the Mountain."

These third-Sunday nights at St. Paul's were an epoch at this period in the religious life of the city.

I shall never forget the first time I heard Phillips Brooks preach. This tall young man came one Sunday afternoon to preach for his friend, the rector of St. Paul's. It was the rector's custom in those days to invite the new clergyman who came to the city into his pulpit, and to welcome them with a few kind words of brotherly greeting.

Great was the surprise of this visitor to find himself classed in a category which was utterly unknown and unfamiliar to him; a surprise which was shared by the large audience when the sermon was over, since they failed to recognize the sign language and test words of the evangelical vocabulary.

The sermon was from the words, "Master, which is the great commandment of the law?" And when it was over something strange had happened to one of the inmates of the rector's pew. A land which was dim and far off came very near; a shadowy glimpse of a future age which had been of boyish dreams stood out as clear as a landscape seen through a nicely-adjusted field-glass, and it seemed as if the day for which the young mind of that period was waiting had come.

After the service the young preacher came home to the rector's house to supper and met the family, that father having pointed out to his young guest on the way home the famous "crooked tree on Spruce street," which picture adorned his first volume of sermons to children then published, "The Rills from the Fountain of Life." But the young preacher did not say very much to the boys.

Something seemed to be the matter with his collar, and the boys were rather shy of this strange and mys-

terious visitor, and so the morning and the evening were the first day of this friendship, and the party broke up after supper, when the host returned the favor, and went with his guest to preach at his little church on Fifth street. And thus this great ministry and this lasting friendship began.

After these days, when the young preacher was a power, throned like a king in the pulpit which had been built for his old friend and pastor, Alexander H. Vinton, and when the boy whose eyes, like those of Balaam, were opened, was now in college looking forward to his own coming ministry, how many and how helpful were the hours stolen from routine duties, when, sitting by the door of the church on Rittenhouse Square, he listened to that voice and drank in the deep, full inspiration of that nobly anointed nature!

Many a Sunday afternoon, when the wide doors of that church were thrown back, and the crowds flocked out into the open air, it seemed to that rapt listener coming out into the street again, as if the very heavens were on fire, not because the sun was setting across the Schuylkill, but because the preacher had projected a light into the open sky of the heavens; a light of the mystic, the light of the prophet; that light which never was on sea and land.

Wordsworth says in his matchless ode:

“Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.”

It was in this way that we began to catch glimpses of “That light which never was on land or sea.” And we felt that the day we had been longing for had come.

(2) THE SENSATIONAL MINISTRY PERIOD

It is a definite fact that the Episcopal church in America has passed through the malarial meadow marsh-land of sensationalism. The one proof of this is found in the fact that while grace abounded, elocutionists did much more abound. They taught men the gifts and graces of rhetoric and public speaking, and the result was that a more self-conscious, vain, egotistical set of men it was difficult to find than the popular orators of thirty years ago.

They swarmed on platform, pulpit and revival prayer-meeting occasions like Pharaoh's locusts in Egypt, and they were rhetoricians all of them, and were stagey and theatrical.

The elocutionist's looking-glass was always before these men (I name them not), and whatever they did they did mechanically as to Bronson, Taverner or White. They read Shakespeare in public when not preaching, and had glimpses of the elder Booth and Edwin Forrest from behind the flies of the theatre, and they were a poor set of teachers, for they were stricken with the chronic desire to be sensational.

It was the mock-heroic, melodramatic period of the church; the Hosea Bigelow age of the poet Lowell in the realm of the church—when the American Spread Eagle idea was clothed in the sombre drapery of the ecclesiastical rook, who, despite the general cock-robin tone of the period, declared:

"I'll be the parson."

Revivalism, Ritualism, the Evangelical movement—and the Broad Church position have each their true and their superficial side. But it has been necessary for the sensational ministry period to become a thing seen and noticed and tabulated before we can detect the true

from the false, and can rejoice in that ministry of to-day, whose salient feature is that the pulpit has a message each Sunday for the pews, and is not the declamation of college days.

There is undoubtedly a pernicious effect in being constantly before the public. The reflex action of continual publicity is blinding and deafening to the acute spiritual sense. The bass drum's thud and the foot-light's glare make us lose the sense of moral perspective, and it is well for us who are before the public to forget what the newspapers say, lest we lose the inner voice in the noise of the staring mob. There is a strong passage in Cardinal Newman's writings where he describes the philosophy of the service of the Mass, and describes his own sense of it every time he witnesses the service. A great mystical tragedy goes on anew at every Mass, and it is this hidden fact which always redeems the service of the Mass from the element of sensationalism.

The more the minister is tempted to leave the moral, spiritual and ethical domain and pass the subjects of the lyceum platform through his pulpit as the stereopticon exhibitor passes the slides through his camera, the more surely he will desert the definite field of the ministry for that which is essentially of the nature of quackery. There is no greater abomination than the abomination of turning the pulpit into an opera-bouffe of sensationalism. The minister of today needs, as never before, self-control, self-discipline and a steady and chronic conception of the needs of erring, weak and baffled souls.

The Sunday lectureship idea of the ministry must give way before the daily pressing needs of our sinking human nature with its cry for divine help and power. We dwell in a world of terrible facts; we live among ter-

rible forces in human nature and in society. To the man of forty the battle of life is a very different thing from that which it was to him at twenty. The boasted right of private judgment which was the battle-cry of one's adventurous youth, ceases to charm the battered, struggling soldier who is climbing

"With wearied step and slow"
the hillside of maturity.

So it comes to pass amid the distracting and confusing voices of the daily life, wearied souls delight to hear that old refrain of the Jewish prophets which neither time nor criticism can ever destroy—"Thus saith the Lord."

The preacher of today should not make his pulpit a flowerpot for the exhibition either of his scholarship or of his rhetoric. The pulpit to be a power must guard and serve its own specialty, the conserving of the moral and the religious sense.

In many respects then, and notably in the matter of pulpit sensationalism, I honestly think that we are far in advance of "Yesterday with the Fathers."

(3) WAR DAYS ON THE BORDER LINE

The ministry of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, in Philadelphia, at the Church of the Advent and the Church of the Holy Trinity, was a ministry of peace and reconciliation in the stirring days of the Civil War.

Philadelphia was upon the border line, and shared the contagious excitement which swept back upon it as an ebb tide from Baltimore and Washington.

The young men of that day in the University and Divinity school had an exciting youth. They were all members of military companies which were either pressed into service when need required, or were kept busy in

drilling with the home guards.

War meetings were quite the order of the day, and scarce a month went by without some great rally of the Christian and the Sanitary commissions—or some monster mass meeting in the different churches to listen to returned army chaplains, or to the convalescent and wounded soldiers who told the story of Libby prison and Andersonville.

The troops which kept pouring into Washington mostly passed through Philadelphia, and were cheered and not a little comforted by the kind and sympathetic reception given to them by the thousands at the famous cooper-shop hostelry.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's war stories are a vivid picture of those stirring days. Young ladies by the score visited faithfully and most energetically the different hospitals devoted to the soldiers throughout the city. Balls and parties were forgotten by those lovely belles of society, that they might make bandages and lint for the wounded at the hospitals, and write letters home for the sick boys in blue who were sent back from the front to the well-appointed hospitals of the City of Brotherly Love.

The Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis, pastor of the First Church of Boston, visiting some friends in Philadelphia at the time, wrote a most interesting article for *The Unitarian Review*, describing the wonderful work which the Philadelphia churches of all denominations were doing for the welfare of the soldiers, and took away with him this impression as the most vivid remembrance of his visit.

I can remember well, at old St. Paul's church, on Third street, how the young men's meetings would be disturbed by the buzz and racket of the dozens of sewing machines which were turning out by the hundred blue jackets and shirts and white haversacks in the Sunday-school room which had been extemporized during

those stirring days into a factory for the making up of soldiers' clothing.

Over the gable windows of the churches, and thrown out from the spires, the Stars and Stripes were flying. High church and Low church, Protestantism and Romanism, were alike forgotten in the all-absorbing test of loyalty to the flag and hatred of the copperhead.

If a church or a minister were loyal, it was all right with them, but if they showed the white feather or hissed the sibilant hiss of the copperhead, the cry of that zealous hater of old was heard, "Down with it, down with it, even to the ground."

I shall never forget a one-armed Westerner who was an inmate of one of these soldiers' hospitals, who used to repay what he considered kindness received, by kindness of his own given in return. I was struggling through my senior year in college with an eye trouble which prevented me from reading in my college course. A faithful mother, a couple of aunts, and three or four mature elderly maidens of the parish, were doing my reading for me, in the hazardous experiment, which was finally successful, of trying to earn my diploma with other people's eyes. My one-armed Westerner wanted to take a hand in the struggle, and so he read my history for me with a vocabulary of his own. The Greek historian figured as "Thuckydides." Euripides always appeared as "Euphrates." The Emperor Commodus was given an ampler name in the title of "Commodious," and that classical creation known as Psyche was invariably pronounced "Pyshe."

Dr. Holmes' interesting story, "The Search for the Captain," had a peculiar pathos for those of us who were boys then, for Cortlandt Saunders, the young hero he there describes, was a fellow playmate at our home, and a co-editor with my brother Heber in a famous paper

which a trio of boys in Professor Saunders' school had edited very successfully, and which rejoiced in the name of "The Young American."

There were thrilling stories in that paper in which "Corty Saunders," with his boon companions, the other editors, took a hand, and there was one advertisement on the fourth page which I shall never forget—a modest little advertisement of a modest little school just started with four boys in a farm-house. "St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., the Rev. Henry A. Coit, Head Master."

There were four great events in those war days in Philadelphia which stand out clearly in the memory.

The first of those was the sight of Abraham Lincoln, on the 22nd of February, 1861, raising the flag at Independence Hall. He was passing through Philadelphia on his hazardous journey to Washington, to be inaugurated, and it was proposed that at sunrise on the anniversary day of the birth of Washington he should raise the flag over that shrine of liberty—Independence Hall. I was up at four o'clock in the morning and took my stand very near the upraised platform, and when the cannon in Independence Park announced the rising of the sun, Mr. Lincoln stepped forth and hoisted the flag with his own hands. It was the only time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln, and his sad face I shall never forget.

The second of those events was the Thursday afternoon of April 15th, when the news came to the bulletin boards at Third and Walnut streets that Fort Sumter was attacked by the Confederate batteries in Charleston harbor. Great crowds collected at the street corners to discuss the news, and before the week was out recruiting offices were opened all over the city, and the churches took up the work of supplying garments to those who were about to enlist at the President's call

for seventy-five thousand men for a three-months' term of service.

The third memorable event of those war days was that dreadful Saturday after Good Friday, when the news came of the assassination of President Lincoln. Never before or since was there such a subdued Easter day, when the white lilies of that festival day were forgotten in the pall of black which hung over every loyal heart.

I have now a newspaper of that Easter Monday, in heavy black lines, giving the Easter sermons of the loyal Philadelphia pulpit, in which the cup of thanksgiving, in the lines of Dr. Muhlenburg's well known hymn, were mingled "with penitent tears."

The fourth event of note was the news which came on a Sunday evening of the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox Courthouse.

A great war meeting was under way that night at the Church of the Epiphany, of which Dr. Newton was then rector, in the prime of his success and power. The choir in those days was behind the chancel, and Mr. Frank Ashhurst was presiding at the organ. I was the bass singer in the choir and was just finishing my senior year at the University. Mr. Joseph Patterson, a well known Presbyterian layman of great influence in Philadelphia, and father of C. Stuart Patterson (as famous now at canon law as he was noted in those days for his skill at cricket), was addressing the audience in the interest of the Christian commission, of which Mr. George H. Stuart was the head. Suddenly Mr. Frank Wells, of the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin," rushed breathlessly into the choir and called out in a loud whisper: "The war is over; General Lee has surrendered."

Mr. Ashhurst flew to the organ and pulled out apparently every stop and gave the signal to the organ blower to fill the organ.

"Play 'Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow,' to the tune of 'Old Hundred,'" said Mr. Wells, "as soon as the announcement is made."

Thereupon, this zealous layman and patriot entered the chancel and said: "Will Mr. Patterson allow me to make a most important announcement? It is this: "Lee has surrendered!"

The entire audience rose to their feet to cheer, when the organ burst in with its loud-voiced refrain, and every soul in the vast assembly turned the rising cheer into the song of thanksgiving, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

How that assembly was dismissed no one ever knew. There was no need for the war meeting any longer. The war was over.

(4) THE GROWTH OF THE SCHOOL IDEA

The Episcopal academy in Philadelphia was my first introduction to the school idea in church life, and Dr. Hare, the principal, stood as my earliest impression of the clergyman in the world of education. There was a dogmatic ministry in those days in Philadelphia, and a sentimental ministry, an æsthetic ministry and a sensational ministry; but there was a solidity and a solemnity about the ministry of Dr. Hare in dealing with the boys of that age which had in it the feeling that it was a slice out of the day of judgment. It was one thing to say one's catechism and recite one's Bible lesson in Sunday school; boys said their lessons *en masse* and the weaklings always crowded up behind the stalwarts. But the catechism as said to Dr. Hare and the Biblical exercises which came under his eye were always at the rate of one hundred cents on the dollar.

He was a clergyman, to be sure; but there was no

loitering with him, and the janitor locked up the boys on Friday who failed in their catechism with the same perfunctory ease with which he locked up those who failed in Cæsar or algebra. This solemn fact threw a new and stern interest into the world of sacred studies and saved them from the *dolce far niente* air of the average Sunday-school instruction.

There were many other church schools in the South and West, in New York and New England, but of these I know nothing, and therefore cannot speak of that concerning which I am ignorant.

The growth of the school idea in the Episcopal church in America dates, undoubtedly, from the work and influence of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg at College Point, on Long Island, where the late Bishop Kerfoot and the present Rev. Dr. Coit were pupils. But this is already written out in the life of Dr. Muhlenberg, and is omitted in the present chapter in order to avoid repetition.

The next school with which I am familiar is the famous St. Paul's school at Concord. My father had studied for the ministry for a portion of his time under the care and oversight of the Rev. Joseph Coit, D.D., of Plattsburg, New York.

Years after this his son Henry, then a student at the University of Pennsylvania, spent a portion of a winter in the old rectory of St. Paul's, on Front street, and made beautiful whistles out of willow wood for the minister's little boys. He was a student and did many other things, no doubt—but these are forgotten—whereas the memory of the whistles remains. This was some time about the year 1848 or 1850.

Later on, in the fall of the year 1856, I was present at the opening of St. Paul's school, Concord. The little farm house, the four or five scholars, the warm welcome extended by Mrs. Coit, and the trembling zeal and faith

of the young master are things which remain in the memory while other events are forgotten.

I remember that Dr. Shattuck, the founder of the school, was present—rushed hither and thither by an impetuous architect who was showing the good doctor how a wing could be thrown out here and an extension could be put in there, how this wall could be taken away and a new wall could be built on, until the dear man was breathless in trying to keep up with the enthusiastic builder. Bishop Chase was present, if I remember rightly, but he paled before the glories of the new boat which had been built for the boys on Long pond.

Thirty-two years later, on June 5, 1888, I spent another day at Concord. A hundred clergymen and an immense audience joined in the solemn services of the consecration of the new chapel, built by the loving offerings of the alumni of the school. A dozen buildings, twenty masters and three hundred scholars were there as the result of this life of strong and faithful service. This Rugby of America had been created by the sanctified genius of this prince of teachers. Dr. Shattuck was there to see the fruits of his labor. Another W. W. N., Jr., walked among the boys of the second form, while the former child for whom the willow whistles had been made, looked on in wonder at the power of the personality which had created all this marvellous wealth of education.

The singers go before: the minstrels follow after.

Individualism always goes first; institutionalism comes close upon its steps. The moral idea is the creative force; the buildings in brick and stone are the material antithesis—and in this way the heavenly city which the seer beholds in vision comes down out of heaven from

God and becomes the materialized realization of the high ideal.

There is one other school of which I have had some knowledge. This school I refer to owes its wonderful success to the marked personality of its young and vigorous master.

There was no sound of axes or hammers in its erection. It came down upon the earth as a vision realized in the mind of the man who has established it.

This is what I mean by the heading of this chapter, "The Growth of the School Idea." Schools have been founded before this, because boards, dioceses, conventions, bishops and poor and struggling ministers who have failed in all their parishes have established them. But today we see this rising, growing tendency of strong men in the ministry to go out into the practical work of teaching. It is a great gain to the church to have this new and robust standard of the ministry find admittance in the clerical ranks; to have the standards of scholarship, discipline, and the traditions of manhood and boyhood entering into a department of life which has had for its standard too often the parochial *malaise* of guilds, sewing-schools, female sewing circles, church suppers and parish sociables. It braces up the ministry to have in its ranks wholesome masters and teachers who are not to be caught by the popular standards of the average "executive woman" or "Sunday-school man."

Some time ago at a Sunday-school convention I saw the following notice: "Sunday-school chalk for sale here." How this "ecclesiastical chalk" differs from its inferior kinsman, "secular chalk," I cannot begin to understand. It is a mystery I cannot fathom with the poor plumbline of reason.

And so for myself I am glad to see the "secular chalk," the white chalk of honest algebra and geometry, taking

the place of its pale blue neurasthenic rival, or its June morning pink companion, with which in allegorical pictures of lighthouses and sailors making for the shore, I have often seen blackboards decorated, and which I have supposed to be included in the category of Sunday-school chalk.

The Rev. Endicott Peabody is the head master of the Groton school. He entered the ministry from a banking-house future which was opening before him, and when all his friends were looking forward to a career in the pulpit, he surprised everyone by announcing his determination to open a school for boys.

An undoubted Providence runs through this man's career. He has shown himself a great power already, and as at St. Paul's school, Concord, the surroundings and institutionalism have already crowded fast and generously upon the footsteps of this strong and charming personality.

Of course every child must have a godfather, and the late Bishop Brooks of Massachusetts was the capable sponsor of this vigorous young establishment, and as I have often observed at his own church when he has been at the font, he had big enough arms to hold any size of baby.

It can scarcely be termed "yesterday with the fathers" to describe a visit to the Groton school, with its fond and devoted godfather, nor would I seek to betray the confidence of the kind inmates of that home who, albeit they banished the writer to the quiet seclusion of the "infirmity," had no idea that the social wooden horse received that night into their unsuspecting abode contained within it a base reporter in the guise of a visiting clergyman. But I am writing history—and truth must ever be the object of the loyal historian's search.

Given then, a beautiful natural environment of hills, a small but picturesque chapel, a long school building of very red brick and very white facing, built by Peabody & Stearns, in the Hampton court style, spacious gymnasium, and more buildings to follow, and you have the exterior of the Groton school.

But the time to see Groton aright—as it is the time in which we are told we must visit Melrose—is when night prevails and the big bell under the dormer window has put out the last light in the farthest dormitory. Then in the quiet little parlor and the private tea-room the staff of teachers gather and the cheer goes on. The professional methods are laid aside and it seems somehow—I cannot begin to tell why—like the cabin of a yacht, with skipper, first mate and boatswain, and the rhyme of the vessel's plunge outside, and the feeling that the boat is heading all right and is making excellent time.

May I be forgiven by my charming hostess for this peep behind the professional curtain, but I am writing history, be it remembered, and the growth of the school idea, today, shows that it is a very winning and attractive and wholesome growth.

(5) PARTY LINES IN CHURCH LIFE

Clerical life in Philadelphia fifty years ago was as marked in its party lines as is its political life today.

"The Banner of the Cross" was hung out from the office of that stalwart periodical at Eighth and Chestnut streets, at the famous bookstore of Herman Hooker.

Here were to be found on any Monday morning Dr. Duchachet, Dr. Odenheimer, Dr. Coleman and others of the stalwart phase of churchmanship. They were marked men and they left their impress upon all who saw them in their daily walk and conversation. Fierce

was the warfare and great were the shoutings, though like old Casper's grandchildren in Southey's song of the battle of Blenheim, we can say:

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin, he cries,
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes
 "Now tell us all about the war
 And what they *fought* each other for."
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

The "Episcopal Recorder" furnished the artillery for the other side, and was published at that famous rendezvous of other days where the mules in long lines dragged sleepily along heavy freight cars from the Delaware through Market street to the Schuylkill, and where all the omnibuses met, and from which point they started with sleepy drivers lying in the sun and tired horses fruitlessly throwing back their meal bags for the few remaining oats before it was time to start off again—that mysteriously curved avenue, Dock street!

The antagonism between these styles of rival churchmanship, in Philadelphia, found perhaps its fullest expression in the life at old St. Peter's and old St. Paul's.

A half-witted man, who was alike the sport and the pity of the boys of that locality, used to designate these rival churches as "Peter's church" and "Paul's church," with various accompaniments upon the names of the rectors, which, however they may sound in the ear of memory, do not add to the beauty of the page when written.

There was, in those days, an early celebration at St. Peter's—and an early prayer meeting at St. Paul's. But one Sunday a terrible thing happened at St. Peter's.

There was no communion service—it had been stolen by burglars in the night.

Whereupon, a certain pious pilgrim, *hurrying* on his way to the prayer meeting at St. Paul's, brought this news, as the runner from the battle told Eli that the ark was taken, and it was quietly told here that this was undoubtedly a judgment upon the sacramental system of the church with the tall white steeple.

The missionary life of those days was a vivid feature of the church's vitality. Missionaries were forever coming from the Far West with wonderful stories of the frontier life. They came with their wives and children, and would frequently stay by the month. A certain room in the old Front street home of the rector of St. Paul's, which was used as a playroom and a gymnasium, was made up on these occasions for the children, and into this the host's children were turned, where they frequently indulged at midnight and in the early hour of the morning in gymnastic performances, to which the children of the visiting missionary would be invited on the sly.

The missionary bishops from the West, Bishop Payne from Africa, Dr. Hoffman and all the living men and heroes of the age came to that shrine of missionary zeal and fervor, Philadelphia, and were always made welcome by the apostolic simplicity and true-hearted hospitality of the Father's House.

Nothing was kept back from those holy men; if they wanted anything they had simply to ask for it, and the scriptural admonition would be granted—"Ask, and ye shall have; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

A long-standing grudge, lasting for many years, against Bishop Payne of Africa, was felt by the writer—because when he was asked by his host if he saw anything in his study he would like, replied: "Yes, brother, I would like

your tool box; it will be of great use to the mission at Cape Palmas."

And the tool box went up into the bishop's room, and the children went out and wept bitterly over that precious tool box confiscated by the Bishop of Cape Palmas.

There were converted Indians and converted Jews by the score who used to frequent the minister's home by the dozen, and who used to feel quite at home wherever they were placed. It is strange to look back upon those days and see how clear their views of truth became in exact proportion to their pressing need of money! They have all gone into the *ewigkeit* now; how they could talk, and adorn a dinner table—peace be to their ashes!

The missionary spirit in those days communicated itself to the boys in many ways. It entered into their play and sports, and into their efforts at money-making.

How hard it is to realize that throughout one's life it is the same personality which lives through so many diverse forms of the expression of that nature.

There was a certain lady who used to frequent both St. Peter's and St. Paul's, who used to write poetry about her two rectors, and by a generous sort of poetic churchmanship, was most at home wherever there was an occasion for her poetry to unwind itself.

This "elect lady" had a most avaricious and hungry mocking bird, which required to be fed upon grasshoppers. Unable herself to supply the cravings of this dyspeptic pet, she employed her little friends—and notably the children of her two ministers—to procure her these much sought for delicacies for the craw of her beautiful but eccentric pet.

It was a serious question in those days whether the graveyard at St. Paul's or that at St. Peter's yielded the superior article of grasshopper.

I can see now the tower-like pickle jar with its paper

cover and its subtle slit, into which the captive insect went, and from which it never emerged until it descended with unparalleled alacrity into the capacious swallow of that derisive creature, rightly named the mocking-bird.

These grasshoppers, with their superabundance of wings and legs and their apparently pernicious habit of using a weed against which all the boys were warned in their youth, seemed like the captive Englishmen in Hyder Ali's Black Hole of Calcutta.

But over the graveyards of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, by Commodore Decatur's shaft, and over the high wall and chains which shut in these churchyards from the street, ever keeping a scout or two on flank and in rear to give a note of alarm in case of the approach of that arch enemy, the sexton, these minister's boys, with others, would ply their trade; bottle the grasshoppers; count them out by the dozen; received the reward of their labors; divide proceeds, and on the next Sunday march to Sunday school with erect and alert bearing, proud in the consciousness at least that they had earned their missionary money, and that it had not been given to them.

(6) CLUBS, CONGRESSES AND CONVENTIONS

The Clericus club of Philadelphia was founded in the year 1868. Out of this club came the Boston Clericus, which used to meet in the spacious study of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and from the same old Philadelphia club came the New York Clericus, whose meetings were held in the large library of Calvary rectory, when Dr. Washburn was rector there. Out of these three clubs, in Philadelphia, Boston and New York, came the first congress of the Episcopal church of America. Out of the church congress idea came the congress of churches, the realization of Dr. Muhlenberg's dream of the inter-

ecclesiastical conference, and out of the congress of churches came the appeal to the General convention and the reply of the House of Bishops on the subject of Christian unity. In this way the far-off club of twenty-five years ago has reached through the church congress to the action of the General convention in its legislative capacity.

The club has grown to a congress, the congress has grown to a parliament of American Christians seeking for a national church, and the music of church unity which has been in the air has brought forth a generous and loving reply from the fathers of the church in the General convention assembled. There was a minister's club before this Philadelphia clericus. It used to meet in the vestry room of St. Clement's church, of which the Rev. Treadwell Walden was rector.

Dr. Washburn, then rector of St. Mark's church, Philadelphia, and others, on the base of æsthetic churchmanship, were members of this first club in Philadelphia, and "Bryan Maurice, the Seeker," was the title of the ecclesiastical novel of this period by one of these early club men.

These three clubs still have their meetings in these three cities, but the old leaders are gone, and new clubs are forming.

I shall never forget the meeting at Dr. Washburn's library, when "The Living Church" was born. It was in 1868.

Bishops, priests, deacons and divinity students were present, and we were all polled upon the subject of the name for the proposed paper. Bishop Coxe, I remember, wanted the paper to be called "The Orbit," but the majority were in favor of the name "The Living Church."

But its name was a misnomer, for it died in six weeks time, and was gathered unto its fathers, in the vast graveyard of dead newspapers.

I remember, at the time of its death, an obituary notice which was passed upon it, which ran as follows:

How dead "The Living Church" appears,
 How nipped its early bloom:
 Its course begun 'mid hopes and fears,
 Now ends within the tomb.

The first meeting preparatory to holding a church congress was held in the spring of 1873, in Dr. Harwood's chapel, at Trinity church, New Haven.

Some twenty-five or thirty representatives of the three Clericus clubs and others were present. Dr. Harwood, in his clear and incisive manner, explained the methods of the English Church congress, and plans were taken toward holding a congress the following year in New York city. Bishop Clark was the sole representative of the House of Bishops, and Dr. Clement M. Butler was the only delegate from a divinity school—for bishops and theological seminaries in those days were afraid of this new departure of a free congress. Dr. Washburn, Dr. Henry C. Potter, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Dr. Osgood and some twenty others helped to found this congress at the New Haven conference, and all who were present at this earliest gathering looking forward with the deepest interest to the first meeting of the congress in the Fall of 1874, at the hall of the Young Men's Christian association in New York. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, clad in his rich and ample black gown, presided. I can remember now the stentorian tone of his voice, the strong, calm, reassuring cadence of his utterance, as he announced the opening hymn, a hymn which was indicative both of the man and of his theology and of the new occasion:

“Behold the glories of the Lamb
 Amid the Father’s throne:
 Prepare new honors for His name,
 And songs before unknown.”

The American Church congress began its career under a distinct and definite expression of the episcopal frown. Bishop Horatio Potter had declined to have anything to do with it, for it seemed to be a new and unauthorized proceeding, and party feeling was running very high at that time, owing to the excitement connected with the Cummins’ movement in New York and the Cheney movement in Chicago. The Reformed Episcopal church was just beginning its career, and in the light of this defection the clergy and laity in many places were bracing up on church lines, and were not sure about this new movement.

At the critical period of the congress, after its opening session, when a tide of reaction seemed to be setting in, there appeared upon the stage the tall and familiar form of Bishop Whipple. A rising cheer greeted his advent, and when he came forward to speak the ovation was overwhelming. The success of the congress was assured, and its place in our American religious life was established, when Bishop Whipple announced in bold and ringing voice as the basis of its establishment, the secret conviction of the members who were present—“*To the loyal all things are loyal.*”

(7) THE ORIGIN OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL MOVEMENT

The Reformed Episcopal church grew directly out of the ultra tendencies of the three evangelical societies, whose anniversary meetings always brought to the light the radical men of the Low church party. In the win-

ter of 1867 these anniversary meetings were held at the Church of the Epiphany, in Philadelphia, and the excitement growing out of the tracts and discussions of that period compelled these gentlemen to have long-protracted caucus meetings in the Sunday-school rooms beneath the church. The Rev. Mr. Rising's celebrated tract, "Romanizing germs in the Prayer Book," was to this movement what Tract No. 90 was to the Pusey movement at Oxford. The radicals failed to perceive that these so-called "Romanizing germs" were not in the prayer book only, but were in the Bible, in the cultus of worship upon any basis whatever, and were inlaid in the superstitious heart of man. And thus the lines began to diverge and culminate in the return movement on the one hand, led by the evangelical bishops and Drs. Vinton, Cotton Smith and Richard Newton, and with the radical movement, led by Bishop Cummins, Dr. Cheney and the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr. Those were famous meetings late at night in the lower rooms of the church, when the public anniversary meetings were over. I can remember now the impassioned earnestness with that peculiar inflection of the Tyng tone, in which the young rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in New York, spoke for absolute secession from the sacramental system of the church, and the earnest and eloquent manner in which the young hero of Chicago, for he was the pet of the party and the "enfant terrible" of the evangelical school, the Rev. Mr. Cheney, pleaded for "lib-er-ty."

But this meeting marked the dividing of the waters. Solemnly and ponderously the three evangelical bishops who were present, Bishops McIlvaine, Lee and Eastburn, put down their six episcopal feet upon the movement. I can see Bishop Eastburn now, with his nimble spring of manner, leave his chair in the chancel, while Dr. John Cotton Smith was demanding reform in the prayer book

in the interests of the baptismal formula relaxation, and after conference with Bishops Lee and McIlvaine, replied to Dr. Smith that thus far they would go and no further, and here these proud waves were to be stayed.

Dr. Vinton made a masterly address, and by compromise action the matter was postponed until a more convenient time—which time later on proved to be the birth of the Reformed Episcopal church, in the year 1874, when the radicals had it all their own way, and their old friends and companions were in the conservative distance.

I have had to mingle frequently with these brethren, who from conviction left their mother church, for it was mine to try to build up the breach in the mother church at Newark after the Nicholson withdrawal. I had always met these men and leaders at my father's house, and knew his deep and abiding respect for them—and so I have never failed to honor them for their convictions, and to observe the rules of Christian courtesy with reference to them. I have called on them and written to them, but my calls have never been returned, and the letters received from them have been brief and to the point.

So that in the matter of isolation and persecution from their old brethren, of which I have read in their papers, it is they who have isolated themselves, and it is they who have done their own persecution.

These gentlemen in withdrawing from the church were logical and consistent. For one, I can never understand the church which would impugn their motives or criticise their logic. It was no small sacrifice for Bishop Cummins to leave the House of Bishops upon a matter of conviction, and for many honest, hard-working, faithful ministers to give up rectories and parishes—as the Scotch clergy did in leaving the manse and the kirk to follow their leaders in the free Church of Scotland. It was

what our church did in leaving Rome at the time of the Reformation, and what we must ever be prepared to do if error becomes a tyrant on the throne and drives us out.

But to my mind it has been a great mistake. These gentlemen have made a charge like the Light Brigade, but

“Some one has blundered.”

The germs of Rome and of every form of error are in human nature, and in the distorted principles of the Word of God. It is not the prayer book which is the sink and pool of idolatry and corruption. All nature tends to revert to the type, and the type of that which these gentlemen have fled from will inevitably appear before long in their own Reformed church, and when the pure sons of God present themselves before Him, depend upon it Satan will come up also.

Beside this, the reforms of history never repeat themselves on parallel lines.

The error at the time of the Edwardian reformation is not the error of today. There is a deeper, darker error today than the paganized Christianity of the Romish cultus, and from this dark profound, deep calleth unto deep, and the fight to-day is raging not around Rome but around the blank negation of all faith.

But they and we never will see this fact in the same light. It is to a great degree a matter of temperament, of custom and of traditional habits of thought. It cannot be that we are as bad and hopelessly corrupt as these Reformed Episcopal papers make us out to be. There are quite a number of clergy and laity in the Episcopal church who do not think alike and who yet believe in their church with a depth of conviction which cannot have about it the mere bias of the partisan. Nor are our brethren of the Reformed church all that those

who are opposed to them say of them. It has been a family quarrel, or a civil war, but the day must come when the chivalrous sense of respect for Christian manhood and conviction will begin to make for peace—and our growing charity for our Christian brethren of other folds will compel us to remember that charity begins at home.

(8) STUDENT LIFE AT THE PHILADELPHIA DIVINITY SCHOOL

The origin of the Philadelphia Divinity school is like the sources of the Nile, and the beginning of all history—shrouded in myth and fable. There were men who graduated from this school before it was a school, and before the classes came into regular and apostolic succession, but they were like the men who lived before the flood, or like the kings who ruled before the Pharaohs, or like the dragons of the period who lived before the gate was hung on its hinges in Eden. Their record on the page of history is precarious and uncertain.

These aboriginal gentlemen of the early miocene period of the Divinity school used to meet in the basement of St. Luke's church, where they were instructed by the early professors of that rising institution. Dr. Howe, then rector of the church; Dr. May, who was imported from Virginia to be the mainspring of this new enterprise; Dr. Stone, who was translated from Massachusetts to be the lecturer on evangelical theology; Dr. Vaughn, who was the George Herbert type of character, himself the lecturer and the model in one of what was termed "pastoral care," and Dr. Van Pelt, whose title was the familiar one which in Hebrew meant "teacher," together with Dr. Hare, whose work at the

Episcopal academy was then over, were the early instructors of this dawning school of the prophets.

The hands of that great organizer, Bishop Potter, were seen under this institution, but it had to begin somewhere without money and without price, without the interest of the rich or the favor of those high in church affairs. So it began in the basement of St. Luke's church, in Philadelphia, and the path which led to it was like the path the poet Watts describes in his psalms in metre:

“But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.”

But there came a day when to airy nothingness there was given a local habitation and a name, and in the early years of the sixties, or just when the Civil war was dawning, the Allibone mansion at Thirty-ninth and Walnut streets, in West Philadelphia, with its large house and stable, received this migratory school of the prophets journeying westward according to Bishop Berkeley's prophetic advice, and there the school became a great power, and rested for a score of years, until the present edifice, with its spacious halls and chapel, was erected.

Into the class which graduated in 1868 it was my privilege to enter, after a year spent in Europe.

Dr. Vaughn had died; Dr. May had retired to Virginia; Dr. Stone was just about giving up to return to Massachusetts, and Dr. Van Pelt was retiring into private life.

Dr. Goodwin, our old provost of the Divinity school; Dr. Hare, our old teacher at the Episcopal academy; Dr. Bancroft, who had been brought on to Philadelphia to make the students spiritually minded by the power of his

personality; Dr. Claxton, who had just come from Rochester; and Dr. Butler, who had been chosen for the department of church history, were our chief teachers. Mr. Colton, who graduated in 1866, became the professor of Hebrew in 1867, and successor to Dr. Van Pelt, and Dr. John A. Childs, D.D., still taught the junior class in Bible history.

It seemed very much like old times to recite once more to Dr. Hare in the library. The tones of voice, and the habit of expression of other days brought back the memory of the old academy hours. Dr. Goodwin, the one man who first taught me, like "Rollo learning to think," the use of my mind in the class-room exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, as he made "Hamilton's Metaphysics" as favorite a book as Thackeray or Dickens, seemed greater even in theology than he was in metaphysics.

It was a delight to meet him in the halls of learning again, now more a father and less a college dignitary than before, and if, as a very wayward and rebellious class, we disputed with him inch by inch on the battlefield of orthodox theology, it was because he gave many of us the very weapons of thought which in our youthful warfare we turned against our Gulliver in Lilliput. And there, too, was the genial Dr. Butler, who strove hard to make it appear that our rather easy-going recitations were very near to the text-book, whom a certain member of our class took infinite delight in practising his cruel art upon, as with mischievous glance he would catch the unwilling eye of his professor whenever anything ludicrous in music or in speech, or in common assembly would happen to take place. Finally a concordat was agreed upon between the professor and his pupil, that the student should sit where the professor

could not see him, lest he make his teacher to offend in the presence of the other professors.

From this divinity school, in company with his classmate, and later friend, Joseph M. Turner, the writer went out on a missionary trip through Iowa, riding a circuit in Methodist style for a summer vacation, the story of which has been written in another chapter.

But no one ever dreamed, when Dr. Claxton asked for two volunteers to go out to do missionary work for Bishop Lee in Iowa, that the two men who would stand up and offer to go were the two who went. But they wanted to get light, and light comes best through practical work and not always by text-books.

When we came to enter upon our course in the divinity school we heard in advance of the wonderful character of the young men who were studying there; Frederick Brooks, and William Farr, and Percy Browne formed a trio in the senior class, while we were juniors, and the present Bishop of Pittsburgh was in the class before us, and shed a genial influence over his friends as he led the music, and was called by a familiar name which had in it a dactylic rhythm of sound, rhythming with the word "Forty."

John Irving Forbes was the great character of those days to all who knew him, and was in many ways the most original and striking personality that the Philadelphia Divinity school ever produced. He died in 1871, three years after his graduation, and was buried in the graveyard of St. James the Less, at the Falls of Schuylkill, Philadelphia. On his gravestone are these words:

John Irving Forbes,
Presbyter,
Born May 22, 1843,

Died June 26, 1871.

"Adsum."

When he came to the divinity school the shadow of death was upon him. A hacking cough and a brilliant eye told the story of the inroads of consumption upon his frame, but his will was kingly and his influence commanding, and we all sat at his feet and wondered. I have tried to collect and publish his sermons with his life, but they were committed to the care of the one to whom he was promised for life, and his last words to her were that they should never be published, and so my cherished hope has been in vain. His letters were a library in themselves; such handwriting, such profound thought, together with such drollery and fun, made them worthy of the best day of English letter-writing. Perhaps some day some of these may be collected and published, though the necessary expurgation of the heart and core of them would take much of their meaning out of them.

He told me his life one night—and it was a thrilling story—and the sun was rising when that story came to an end. He foretold me of his death and of Turner's death, and added, "You will be left alone, my boy, after we have been taken."

He fairly made us over again. His dear companion, Turner, was like a broken-hearted child after his death, for Forbes was absolutely necessary to his friend, and acted on him like the mainspring of a watch. The last talk I ever had with Turner before he died, in Pittsfield, was about Forbes and the old days at Philadelphia, for Turner, unknown to any of us, had done a noble thing for our friend when he was poor and was dying by inches, and the blessing of that act came back to the widow of his friend, by one who knew them both and

had not forgotten this deed of kindness on the part of Turner.

Forbes founded a club for a chosen few. It was called "The Round Table Club," and met twice a week, on Tuesday and Thursday nights. It began at seven, and closed generally near unto twelve at night. There was a certain student next door to our room who used to go to bed, it was said, at 5 P. M., and divided the night into two parts, or "distributed it into parts," as Dr. Hare used to say—the sleep which he got before the Round Table club met, and the sleep which he obtained after it broke up.

The Round Table club was indeed a terror, and Forbes was its head. Himself a mystic, and a thorough-going Maurician, we were as clay in the hands of the potter. He was always in debate with the professors; always respectful and reverential in manner, always conservative in expression, and always profoundly radical in thought. After every discussion, which was carried on with genuine Scotch warmth of manner, he always left the impression upon us that he had won in the fight. He carried his head high, and never showed the white feather, so that we used to say: "Forbes is right, after all." He knew Maurice well, and was in constant communication with him. He caught the spirit of his master and we too caught it in a second-hand way from him.

He taught us to read for ourselves, and to argue step by step with the powers that be on the other side, as we went along the course of our systematic divinity, until one day Dr. Goodwin, scratching the back of his head, at a certain spot where there seemed to be a mysterious electric bell communicating with the "central office" of his brain, and rocking his foot in a way which was always the precursor of the fact that he was "about to say something," remarked:

"This interesting debating society will resume its session to-morrow at twelve o'clock, when these same gentlemen will have the floor."

Not a question was asked for one month after this remark, which silence pained the good doctor more than the whole-burnt offerings of sacrifice which had been so lavishly bestowed before, and in his own strong way he asked us please not to be silent, but to speak out if we wanted to know anything, as we had been accustomed to do heretofore.

No plan of a campaign made by Grant in the Wilderness, or before Vicksburg, was ever more carefully arranged than was the plan of some of our attacks upon Dr. Goodwin, in the freedom of the debate which he kindly allowed us in his lecture room. These plans of attack and defense would be arranged in the nightly meetings of the Round Table club.

Forbes would lead the main attack, then Turner would be instructed to quote what Coleridge or some of the Cambridge Platonists had said. And our resolute fighter, "Jerry"—for so we always called one of our thinkers—would quote what Adam Clarke said, and the rest of us would rush in as opportunity offered.

And then the doctor would let us talk it all out, and finally sit down upon us like Fate and Force upon Prometheus bound, and there would be nothing left of us—until the Round Table met again.

There are other memories of those preparatory days which cannot be hidden: Our deference for "Bishop" Rowland, the elegiac poetry which was furnished for the imaginary trials of his imaginary experiences of life. The pastoral staff presented to him by his friends at a class supper, the medical autopsies which were served up by James Hutchins Brown, and the "wedding breakfast" given to our class on the morning of its commencement,

by the Rev. Phillips Brooks and Dr. Newton, at Augustin's (not the saint of Hippo, but the caterer of Walnut street), are memories of those free and happy days.

We had the usual general assortment of fanatics and cranks in that place, though they were mostly mild cases.

I remember some Plymouth Brother brethren, if that is the way to call them, who would not respond in the commandments, "Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law," because they declared that the Gospel had done away with the law, and they were dishonoring their Master by going back to the commands given upon Mount Sinai. They used to lie late in bed, and roll over to their footboards weeping and crying, and saying they were so happy that they had to cry. But they were bad on their *Dagas fortes* in Hebrew, in Dr. Hare's room, and somehow or other they dropped out. Perhaps now they have trombones and tamborines in the Salvation army, and are proficient in the knee drill and the bleating service.

We had some converted Italian Roman Catholics. One of these told me he formerly resided on the Lake of Como, when he was in error—and now lived at Camden, N. J., in Protestant light.

He was quite happy for one term—and then Demas and his silver mine took possession of him—and he became an agent for Singer's Sewing Machine company.

There were some converted Jews—and one or two freedmen from the South, and some Polish students from the Basle Mission house.

Where have they all gone?

I think, as I look back over those days, that those who were in authority over us did the best they could with us. The trustees and overseers tried hard to make us think in proper lines of thought, and they imported the best men they could find to give us "clear views of truth,"

and to make us what we ought to be.

“God bless you, Christian gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,”

is the opening line of the old Christmas carol, and they did all that they could for us; but somehow the men of that day were difficult to mould, and so, like Topsy, we “grewed”; we never were born into what we ought to have been.

The trustees seemed to feel this as much as we did, and they brought on lecturers and speakers to make us spiritually-minded—but it was like playing on a leaky organ—the moment the man at the key-board stopped, the wind in the bellows went out with a gush.

These men wanted to help us all they could, but the period was an epoch of transition in the history of the church: the old lines were fading out and the new ones were not plainly seen, and so we objected to this or that party stamp or standard or shibboleth, and preferred to scale the heights as a forlorn hope, following Forbes with his crusader’s axe, than to discover the temple of truth at one moment at Ephrata, and the next day to find it in the field of the woods.

(9) THE RECTORS OF ST. STEPHEN’S CHURCH

THE REV. DR. DUCHACHET

I well remember as a boy when the Burd monuments were placed on St. Stephen’s church, and the interest and excitement which their introduction into this house of God caused. Dear old Dr. Duchachet considered himself in a certain way the especial guardian of these exquisite monuments, and rightly to estimate them was the

same thing in his mind as to attend the most elaborate service. To admire the statuary was to him more than sacrificial, and to venerate the angel in the group was better than the fat of rams.

A story is told of him that during a certain month of August, in Philadelphia, the rector let his assistant go away upon a vacation, promising to take his place for the daily morning and evening prayer. But after the first week of this service, in the terrible heat of August, the dear old doctor found it very trying to be twice in the chancel in one day.

It is reported of him that upon a certain afternoon in this heated term the doctor kept looking out of the vestry room to see if there were any persons coming to the service, and finding only two visiting lady teachers present, went out to them, mopping his head with his large bandanna handkerchief, and fanning himself vigorously with a huge palm leaf fan, as he whispered:

"I tell you what it is, my friends, it is too hot to have evening prayer today. Let us take a good pious look at the statuary and then go reverently home."

I shall never forget the impression made upon me as a boy of the reverence of Dr. Duchachet in the chancel. I remember now his black silk socks, his patent leather pumps, with their silver buckles, his peculiar style of surplice of lace and lawn, and his devout habit of adoration towards the altar when entering the chancel. This act of reverence with bowed head and folded hands always impressed me as a child.

And in the old days of the Diocesan conventions, which used to meet in St. Andrew's church, the dear old doctor would wink at me when as a little boy I used to attend the convention and sit with my father, and beckon to me to "come over and sit on the High church side."

I remember once sitting in his lap during the conven-

tion, and when my father came to carry me back, the dear, urbane, old gentleman, with his snowy white head and his elegant broadcloth and silk clothing, remarked:

"No! Go away, Richard Newton; you can't have this boy. We're going to make a better man out of him than his father—for already he loves our High church ways."

The power of tenderness and love, and the expression of it towards a child, are the thoughts which come to my mind whenever the name of Dr. Duchachet is mentioned—the grand old type of the French gentleman—who was the churchman every inch, and gloried in the thought of his Catholic home and heritage.

THE REV. DR. RUDDER

Dr. Rudder came to St. Stephen's from Albany, but his birthplace was in Bermuda, and he had behind him the marked traditions and influence of English colonial life.

I remember on one occasion, when visiting Bermuda, that the house where Dr. Rudder lived as a child was pointed out to me, and I distinctly call to mind the fact that the people there took a marked pride in the fact that Bermuda had produced not only the strongest onions and the sweetest lilies, but had given to the church in America the ministrations of the Rev. Wm. Rudder.

There was always about Dr. Rudder's ministry and service the unmistakable air of his English ancestry. There was an English tone of stock and strength about his manner and bearing, which was always suggestive of the English ecclesiastic. His true position should have been an English deanery or bishopric. At times it was evident that he stooped to conquer, and that with a very firm and high ideal before him he yet bowed himself down to the requirements of his position and accommo-

dated himself, not without much mental and temperamental friction, to the popular requirements of his appointment as coadjutor rector at St. Stephen's.

When Coriolanus, in Shakespeare's drama, invites his fellow Roman citizens to inspect his wounds and investigate his bruises, he breathes forth under his lips a frowning curse about this pack of curs who demanded these physical tokens of his past valor. And it was very evident at the period of his coming to Philadelphia that Dr. Rudder's standard and methods and habits of clerical life were very different from those of the clerical preachers he found about him. But the glory of this man's ministry consisted in the fact that he could say in Shakespeare's words, "Thy nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." And it was not very long before it was known that another great preacher was in Philadelphia, and the day of the pulpit power of St. Stephen's church became an established and well known fact.

Dr. Duchachet became very fond of his new assistant, and looked with delight at the crowds which flocked to hear the new preacher at St. Stephen's. It was very beautiful to see the pure and unselfish spirit of the aged rector taking pleasure in results and successes which had been denied him.

"Isn't it good," he used to say as he got off for the hundredth time his wellworn little pun, "the ship is sailing all right now: you see we've got a new rudder."

Dr. Rudder's sermons were not, strictly speaking, popular. He did not stoop to the rhetoric of the hour or curry favor with the masses by those popular methods which had become the habit of expression born out of the great revival of 1857-58, which swept over Philadelphia and made its impress felt in a popularization of the pulpit.

St. Stephen's church ceased to be thought of as having merely an advanced ritual and as "High church." A throne of power was established when Dr. Rudder became rector of the parish, and the foundations of the after pulpit power of St. Stephen's church were laid by this man, who toiled faithfully through a long night of struggle to build this citadel of strength; and from this tribunal and influence Dr. McConnell, Dr. Worcester, and Dr. Grammer have been able to reach the hearts of the people of Philadelphia, especially through the mid-day Lenten services, where St. Stephen's pulpit has been the acknowledged power that has turned the inner wheels of many a troubled, weary, shop-worn life!

THE REV. DR. MCCONNELL

The coming of the Rev. Dr. Vinton to Philadelphia marked definitely the beginning of a ministry of a positive and distinct type, which we may call "The Ministry of Thought."

Before the advent of Dr. Vinton, there had been various types of pulpit orators. There had been the revivalists and the rhetorician, the dogmatic and the spiritually minded, with an anxious apprehension for all those who were outside the ark of safety.

But when Dr. Vinton there appeared that rare spectacle of the preacher, who above everything else, is a thinker upon his feet, and who for the sake of presenting his thought clearly and definitely is willing to sink all minor gifts and qualities in his position as preacher. Dr. Vinton established this thinking pulpit in Philadelphia. Phillips Brooks carried it on in those wonderful sermons at Holy Trinity, in which the clear outline of this thought was veiled by the thin gossamer fabric of his marvellous

imagination and by his Oriental vehemence of expression.

When Phillips Brooks left for Boston, in 1869, Dr. Rudder maintained this type of the pulpit of intellectual strength at St. Stephen's until his death, in 1881; and when the Rev. Samuel D. McConnell came to this church, in the Fall of 1881, he entered at once upon this high vantage ground, and for sixteen years did the audible thinking for hosts of people who did not know how to think for themselves, and could not express clearly the thoughts they had in their minds. Dr. McConnell deliberately and with a high motive and purpose eliminated from his preaching all rhetorical and oratorical features. He chose to be considered always as a thinker upon his feet, and in a very short time he was found out, and was surrounded by a large and continually growing clientele of followers. -

Cardinal Newman says in one place in his *Apologia*, that he could go forever to Mass and never feel tired. And one never tired of listening to Dr. McConnell. I have heard him preach for an hour and twenty minutes on a Sunday afternoon to a crowded congregation, composed chiefly of working men, when no one showed the slightest sign of weariness or restlessness. There is about his voice a timbre—a quality of immense staying power—a resonant fibre which has a strangely tranquillizing and soothing effect, so that like the wedding guest in Coleridge's poem of the *Ancient Mariner*, one can not get away, and is compelled to stop and hear. At times this fascination seems to have about it the aroma of childhood's days. It was as if the preacher was saying to the waiting congregation, "Now, my friends, listen to me today. I am going to tell you a story about Abraham and the Jewish church, and next Sunday it will be about the Temple of Solomon." In this way he would

unwind from the pulpit his story filled with delicious description, expressed in tones of confidence and sympathy. It sounded as if some father or friend was telling us stories in our childish days, around the hearth, when we listened to the delightful memories of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," giving us our first great relish for history. And then when the sermon was over, there stood the building which he had erected, like Abt Vogler's "Vision of the Mansion of Harmony" he had created at the key-board of the organ. It is the sign and token of the great artist to lay the foundation of his work upon the canvass with a few bold strokes of the brush and crayon, upon which the after structure of the painting is built up. And in very much this same way this preacher for the people created in a large and free-handed manner a picturesque and artistic setting for his inner "sermon stuff," as he himself has called it, which "sermon stuff" consisted of the clearest and strongest possible kind of thought.

Dr. McConnell was a great worker and organizer, and created and carried on many useful parish agencies in the line of institutional church work. But he was pre-eminently a thinker in his pulpit: a preacher who reached people, not by arts and gifts and graces, but by a steady output of wholesome common-sense thoughts he has proved himself to be at St. Stephen's church, in Philadelphia, as no other man in the Episcopal church has ever been, the American counterpart of the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, England.

One secret of Dr. McConnell's power in reaching men—for he is pre-eminently a preacher to men—is the large concessions which he makes before he begins to build up the positive side of his structure of thought. It is his custom when preaching upon difficult moral and religious problems to throw the tub to the whale and let

the whale run very far off with the conceded proposition. Sometimes, in fact, it would seem as if the whale had gone clean out of sight, sporting with the waif subject far off in the horizon, so that one thought of the Psalmist's description of the ocean, "There is that leviathan whom Thou hast made to take his pastime therein." Or to change the metaphor, if the yachtsman goes very far in one direction, until it seems as if he were missing his course, there comes a time when the yacht puts about and the gain is seen by the wide reach of the skilful tack. A great power is this, dangerous with the unskilled preacher, but marvellously effective with the master of his art, and Dr. McConnell was always a master artist.

And when this gifted preacher left St. Stephen's to go to the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, it seemed as if a distinct church epoch was closed in Philadelphia, because a great leader and teacher had gone, and there was that sense of hollowness and emptiness which always proclaims the fact that a vacuum remains where once a strong personality had been. Not to be able to say "The Rev. Dr. McConnell, of Philadelphia," seemed to the average church-goer to imply a strange lack of co-ordination between man and place. It seemed like saying, "The Rev. Frederick W. Robertson," without adding "of Brighton."

THE REV. DR. WORCESTER

When the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester came from Lehigh university to be the rector of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia, in July, 1896, he came to a difficult field, and to be the successor of a most successful preacher and rector.

It required a stout heart to take up the lines which Dr. McConnell had thrown down, and drive this parish

forward at the same accelerated gait. But like the Sons of Zebedee, who said in answer to our Lord's searching question, "We are able," it soon became evident that the young incumbent who had come from Lehigh university to St. Stephen's was adequate to everything that was expected of him.

Dr. Worcester's ministry in Philadelphia, it now appears, was only the overture, as it were, to the greater work which was waiting for his presence in Boston. It was during those quiet formative years at St. Stephen's church in Philadelphia, that Dr. Worcester's mind was formulating that plan of developing the healing auxiliary methods to the common parochial life which has since become known as the Emmanuel movement. Having been a careful student of psychology at Lipsic, and a teacher of it at Lehigh university, the broad, strong common-sense human plan kept suggesting itself to his mind—as he himself generously says at the initiative of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's query, "Why not link the medical with the clerical profession, and do clinic work in every parish?" Dr. Worcester's work at Emmanuel church, Boston, has become phenomenal. He has reclaimed from the marsh land of quackery and charlatanism a definite field of honest and legitimate Christian service. Instead of seeking to sterilize schism, or hunt down heresy, he has sought to comfort and cheer the troubled and afflicted, and bring the Christus Consolator into unnumbered sad and broken lives. He has shown the church how it is to get back from an excess of parochialism to the line of the Good Samaritan's ministry to those who have fallen among the perils of life's pilgrimage in its dark and dangerous by-ways. Dr. Worcester has accomplished for this period that which Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg did for the church fifty years ago. He has discovered new and great possibilities for the Christian

church of today, barnacled as it is with conventional parochialism. He has struck upon and opened up a lead which, if rightly followed, will bring the Christianity of today back to the days of its Apostolic power. He has shown how the medical profession can be used in conjunction with the average clergyman's work, so that suffering humanity can be helped wherever found, and the Christian church be looked upon as that which our Lord intended it should be, the visible corporate institutional body, of which he is the heart and the head. He has met and explained and answered the cry of the age, "Back to the ministry of Jesus Christ." He has led the way into a higher, broader, wiser field of Christian service, a service which is already being crowned with rich results.

Dr. Worcester's personality is a striking one. His facial resemblance to the poet Goethe is marked, and a certain mystic poetic and prophetic blend in his nature is met by the corresponding quality of a complemental common sense, practical business turn of mind. This bunch of antitheses was a marked feature in the temperament of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Phillips Brooks. The Orientalist and the New Englander was in them both.

The pathway which Dr. Worcester has so boldly struck out for himself is a confessedly dangerous one. It is filled with the ruins and pitfalls of other like movements in the later-day history of the church.

The religious movement of Lady Huntington, the prophetic revivalism of Dr. Cumming, of Exeter Hall notoriety, the gift of tongues of Edward Irving, and the revived Catholic Apostolic church strew the coast line of the church's progress like the wrecks of the thick-ribbed ships, of which the poet Tennyson speaks as stranded upon the Boston sands. It is all like John Bunyan's pic-

ture of Christian entering into the Valley of the Shadow of Death with the fight with Apollyon awaiting him.

But Dr. Worcester succeeded. He has succeeded because he has moved slowly and with philosophic tread. He has succeeded because he moves in wise company with the strong cohorts of the scientific and medical world about him. He has succeeded because he has opened up new and opportune possibilities to the Christian church, which is wearied with the excess of ecclesiasticism and parochialism. For the Lord God Almighty never fails to bring to the fore the man who is able to put his finger upon the pulse of the age, and say, "Thou ailest here—and here." It is the old story of that triumphant psalm of Israel, psalm 68, the "Exurgat Deus" of each new epoch of transition. "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away, and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God. Thy God hath sent forth strength for thee: stablish the thing, Oh God, that thou hast wrought in us."

CHAPTER V

A TRIP INTO VIRGINIA FIFTY YEARS AGO

BALTIMORE was seen for the first time when, as a boy, in company with a clerical committee of which my father was a member, a visit was made to that city in the interests of a certain newly-formed missionary society. I was particularly anxious to see for myself the celebrated Fort Henry, from the ramparts of which the American flag floated in that attack upon it in the War of 1812, which inspired the poet, Francis Key, to write our national song, "The Star Spangled Banner." So I stole away by myself and prowled around the city, while my elders and superiors were having committee meetings with the Rev. Dr. Johns, of Emmanuel church, the Rev. Dr. Grammer and others. We went to the Rev. Dr. Cummins's church (afterwards Bishop Cummins, of the Reformed Episcopal church), and I remember how he announced the hymn, "Softly now the Light of Day," as if it were pronounced "Haftly now the Light of Day." The little boy also remembered that the doctor seemed to look right up into a certain corner of the ceiling, as if he drew all his inspiration from some unperceived angel, apparently hidden behind a vast fan-like ventilator, and he wanted very much, as he sat in his pew in church, to form a company of investigation and exploration into the mysteries of that great and mysterious church loft, up to which the preacher in the pulpit directed his fixed right eye!

Dr. Grammer was also a very popular pulpit orator in those days, though upon a very different plane from

that of his brilliant and gifted son, the Rev. Carl E. Grammer, the present rector of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia. He shook his head at the youthful visitor, and expressed the gravest doubts as to whether he would ever become as good a man as his father, and warned the somewhat perturbed boy of the awful fate which awaited ministers' sons who did not live up to the 'standard of their fathers. Years afterwards, when reading for the first time Dickens's story of "Great Expectations," I appreciated the feelings of little "Pip," when in the company of the escaped prisoner, he realized the vengeance which awaited him in life if he failed to comply with the prisoner's demands, and sighed aloud over that greatest of all mysteries, the predicament of having been born at all upon any hypothesis. In after years we became great friends, and the dear, genial soul was much amused by my accounts of our far-away primary interview.

I did not find the Rev. Dr. Johns, the Rev. Dr. Grammer or the Rev. Dr. Cummins particularly sympathetic to the needs and requirements of boy life. They had no stories to tell and nothing to suggest in the line of amusement. So I was glad when the order of march was sounded, "On to Washington." Here there was an abundance of things, visible and tangible, to amuse a boy, and while the committee of clergymen held daily sessions in the interests of the new missionary society, the little boy visited the Capitol and the White House and the monument of Washington, with its tall, white shaft reaching heavenward. This visit to Washington was immediately after the close of the war, and the city looked even then like a great war camp, with troops and artillery moving back and forth at every turn. The cruel assassination of Mr. Lincoln had just taken place, and President Johnson was beginning his perturbed and

stormy administration of readjustment of the Southern problem and the resumption of specie payment.

This clerical committee must needs visit Alexandria, to see Bishop Johns of Virginia, and the Rev. Drs. Packard and Sparrow of the Theological seminary. These latter gentlemen were very kind to the little boy, but failed utterly, like the Baltimore clergy, in suggesting any new forms of amusement. There were many volumes in the library of the Alexandria Theological school, but no picture books, no books by Jacob Abbott, no illustrated magazines or reviews. I remember that Bishop Johns came into the waiting-room of the seminary, with cap and riding whip and spurs, like a whirlwind, exclaiming, as he lugged the elder visitor to his breast, "Richard! it does my soul good to see you," and then added to the ubiquitous boy, as if he were not already impressed with this familiar Cassandra-like cry, "My boy, I only hope you will be as good a man as your father!" Ah! if the world's great and good men could only remember that they were once boys themselves, and that the "human boy," like little Joe, in "Bleak House," keeps moving on continually to the front, and that the boy is an article of an original and peculiar type, how well it would be for them in the matter of acquiring and giving forth an influence.

It is said of Bishop Johns of Virginia, in those days, that he was accustomed to come to church frequently upon week-days hitching his horse at the front gate post, and putting his riding cap and whip under the communion table of the church, and leading in extemporaneous prayer, without prayer book or vestments of any kind.

But these were great men in their day and generation, and were men of formative and creative minds.

It was Bishop Johns who snatched from a selfish and worldly life the soul of Henry A. Wise, the youngest

son of Governor Wise, of Virginia. Young Wise was converted by the preaching of the bishop, and came to the Alexandria seminary to study for the ministry. He had been the Benjamin in the family, the spoiled and petted son of the great war governor of Virginia, and this unexpected change in his life, with its future career as a clergyman, was a great surprise to the governor's family. While he was at the seminary studying for holy orders with rapt and devout mien and bearing, there came from Boston the young and mysterious Phillips Brooks, sent thither by his family's pastor, the Rev. Dr. Vinton, of St. Paul's church, and at once there sprang up a devoted friendship between the kinsman of Wendell Phillips, the New England Abolitionist, and the son of the war governor of Virginia, who had sentenced John Brown to death. Together these two young men, a pair of poetic spirits, like Keats and Shelley, studied and took exercise and tramped the Virginia roads, and finally went to Philadelphia to begin their ministry in the Episcopal church. Wise was about six months earlier on the ground, and had earned his following first. Crowds flocked to hear him preach, and followed him from church to church, as he went through the city, occupying the pulpits which were flung open to him at every turn, as he delivered his wonderful discourses, which were committed to memory. When Phillips Brooks arrived in Philadelphia, in the Fall of 1859, he found that the city had gone over his fellow-student at the Virginia seminary, and none rejoiced in it more than the young deacon from Boston. But Wise had the shadow of death upon his brow even then. People said, "How wonderful! but it means an early grave," and thus this precocious youth, with his trembling voice and his hectic cough, paled, glimmered like a glowworm, and was gone. The attack on Fort Sumpter cut short his sphere of influence, and he

hurried back to his ancestral home in Virginia to die, leaving the field which he had sown in Philadelphia to be garnered by his friend and successor, Phillips Brooks.

But the story of the ministry of Phillips Brooks in Philadelphia has been told in another chapter.

CHAPTER VI

A BOY'S IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK IN THE FIFTIES

IN one of Charles Lamb's delightful letters to the poet Southey, he declares that Coleridge ought never to have been troubled by having a wife and children, since his mission was evidently a general diocesan oversight of the world at large, with no parochial cares to hinder the free flow of his thought. Anyone who has seen a picture of Coleridge in his early manhood will recognize this element of "aloofness" in his physiognomy—this unmistakable sense of detachment in the lines of his beautiful and expressive face.

This same tendency to a general oversight of the church at large was quite a feature of the contending parties in the church fifty years ago. Parochial cares were easily forgotten in the zeal which carried certain leaders in the church to meetings, conventions and associations, where many ran to and fro, and where kindred spirits met and warmed themselves at the fires which their own enthusiasm had kindled.

At this formative period, when knowledge was increased and "Evangelical" societies sprang rapidly into being, it was the writer's good fortune to go on frequent journeys with the clergy as a special guest. New York was seen for the first time by this boy of eight years of age from the window panes of St. George's rectory, New York, where the time which was given by the elders to the discussion of important ecclesiastical matters in Doctor Tyng's study was spent by the sons of the household

with their small-sized guest in visiting the famous Crystal palace at Forty-second street.

There were many very serious talks which went on in the study during this visit, and there were prolonged seasons of prayer, though what it was all about the small boy could never discover. A remark which was made to my father by the great Dr. Tyng, however, was never forgotten by the unperceived listener. Walking vigorously up and down the room, and snapping his fingers at rhythmic intervals, he exclaimed: "Oh, Richard! Richard! What is to become of the church when we are gone?"

There were many wonders in that great rectory, chief of which was a mysterious rocking-horse chair—which the youthful guest longed vehemently to essay; but wisely remembering the motto so frequently seen at the Crystal palace, "Visitors are forbidden to touch any articles," the inquiring child never had a ride in the dyspepsia chair.

The journey from Philadelphia to New York in those days took seven hours. One took the steamboat Richard Stockton at the foot of Chestnut street wharf, and sailed up the River Delaware to Tacony, where there was a train waiting to convey passengers on the old Camden and Amboy railroad to Perth Amboy. At this point the train was met by the large steamboat "John A. Stevens," and passengers were conveyed down the Raritan river to the western side of Staten Island and were landed at the Battery in New York. The Astor House was in those days the great hotel of the city, and omnibuses, or "stages," as they were called, carried people in a genial and leisurely way up Broadway through the Bowery and along the different avenues of the city. It may be heresy to say it, and it may show on the part of the writer a miserable and pessimistic return to an obsolete and forgotten type, but for one, I am free to confess that the Philadelphia and New

York of the year 1850—those cities which have been so graphically described by the letters of Thackery and the articles of Carl Schurz—were vastly more individual, and consequently, more interesting, than the great, overgrown, impersonal institutional cities which we know today. In those days there was room for the individual, and there were snug and comfortable cosy corners of art, literature, science and religion. But somehow today all these interesting detaining points are overshadowed and swept away in that mad rush for something which is called “success,” and which, when gained, leaves the owner thereof in the possession of a sterilized soul. What could be more picturesque than New York as seen when landing at the Battery, with its superb water front and its adjacent life to this magnificent sea wall? People in those days had the leisure to enjoy life; and what was so pleasant as a stroll along the Battery, which, with its granite esplanade, reminded one of the many similar promenades at Stockholm in Sweden?

A word about the Camden and Amboy railroad, which carried passengers in those days from Tacony to Amboy. They were curious, stuffy little cars in which one traveled, with small windows, narrow seats, and a general sense of “being crowded in the cabin.” The locomotives burned wood, and snorted in a curious, rhythmic manner as they moved along, emitting from their large, dome-like funnels volumes of black and resinous smoke and soot. In those days it did not seem as if one was traveling rapidly, unless one was made aware of the motion by this constant volcano of dust and dirt. All passengers—men and women alike, in summer and winter—wore long linen dusters and green eye-goggles with network wire on the sides, which gave to a carload of travelers the look as if a colony of black beetles and large, round-eyed grasshoppers had come to town. Most of the time on the

steamboat ride at each end of the journey (along the River Delaware and along the River Raritan) was consumed in brushing away the soot and dirt which had been collected on the journey, and colored porters and bootblacks reaped a rich harvest in their zealous efforts to make the grimy-looking passengers appear respectable. But it frequently happened that for days afterwards some stray particles of soot and cinders would be found in the hair or the ears or in the folds of the dress of the traveler. Yet all this discomfort and this long journey of seven hours were accepted as a part of the inevitable necessity of railway travel, and it never seemed to occur to the traveling public of that period to take any steps to stop the smoke nuisance, or the other discomforts of the journey. I can hear the sighing, and snorting, and crooning and whistling of the engines on this Camden and Amboy road as I write these lines, and can see the brakemen in their hooded cabins on top of the cars; and they were the only ones upon the entire train who were kept free from dust and dirt and smoke, as they sat in their cosy little caboose.

The Fifth avenue of those days was perhaps, in a sense, the most dignified and imposing street of private residences in America. Here were to be seen the beautiful and palatial homes of the many rich and cultivated people of New York city. Most of the old Knickerbocker families, with their colonial and historic names, were to be found here, and the day of the "*nouveau riche*" had not yet dawned. The society was that described by the Lelands, and by William Allen Butler in his poem of "Nothing to Wear," and had about it a distinct flavor of its own, unlike that of later and more socially ambitious days. And, above every other literary consideration, was the fact that on Fifth avenue the boy visitor to New York upon this occasion might very possibly come across

John True, the boy hero of one of Jacob Abbott's stories in Harper's Story Book Series; so that this street was carefully patrolled, in the hope of meeting this vivid creation of that prince of story-tellers to children, whose works came forth at stated intervals from the busy press of Harper & Brothers, upon Franklin square.

The first General convention of the Episcopal church which I ever attended was at St. John's church, in New York, on October 5, 1853. I was just ten years old, and remember three things distinctly connected with this meeting.

The first thing I remember was the Italian woman who sold roasted chestnuts just outside of the churchyard rails. I invested in her wares to fortify myself during the long meeting which was before me, and regret to remember that I left the shells under the cushions on the seat. The second thing I remember about that far-off convention was the hanging light which hung in the centre of the church. It was before the days of gas, and this chandelier was filled with oil lamps. The wonder to my boyish mind, as I sat in the pew and devoured my chestnuts, was as to what the effect upon the convention would be if the long pendant iron rod should break and let the whole thing down. The third thing I remember about the convention was the beautiful and striking face of the Rev. Dr. Creighton, the president of the House of Deputies. In some way it made me think of the face of George Washington, as I had seen it in the wood-cuts in my history book. I have often wished that I could see that face again, or some photograph or picture of it. He was then, I believe, rector of the church at Tarrytown, where Washington Irving attended. How strange are these retaining points of memory, these freaks of the mind, in the matter of the recollection of images which never can be effaced! I can remember nothing of that first ecclesiastical assem-

bly to which I ever went, save the face of its presiding officer—its dignity, its benevolence, and a mysterious something about the eye which fascinated me even then.

"The memory of an eye," says one, "is the most deathless of all memories; for there, if anywhere, can be seen the soul, sitting at the open window." The lines of the poet Montgomery have often come to me as I think of that earliest church convention which I ever attended:

"But there was something in his eye
Which won my love, I know not why."

It was at this convention of 1853 that Dr. Muhlenberg presented his celebrated memorial in the interests of a more efficient and elastic church organization to the House of Bishops, which movement had also drawn a large number of the clergy to New York for this occasion.

Years afterwards, in college days, when studying Dante's famous poem, I wondered when and where, either here or in some pre-existent state, I had met and seen the great Italian poet. His face was very familiar to me. I had surely seen it somewhere in my pilgrimage upon earth. But how was I to be able to localize this image? Suddenly, one day, when seeing a photograph of Dr. Muhlenberg, the mystery was solved. It was the recollection of this leader of religious thought and life in the Episcopal church which had haunted me ever since I had seen him heading the procession of those memorialists at old St. John's church in the convention of 1853. I had seen the poet Dante as a child in the beautiful and benign face of Wm. Augustus Muhlenberg.*

*From the Life of Dr. Muhlenberg the author.

CHAPTER VII

CHURCH LIFE IN NEW JERSEY

ON a certain snowy Sunday in February, 1875, while officiating at St. Paul's church, Brookline, Mass., my first parish, I was conscious of four strangers in the congregation who seemed to have a knowing look about them, and to be there for a purpose. I did not know who they were, but I shook hands with them at the church porch—as was my custom in those days, with the retiring congregation.

At the close of the second service one of those strangers asked when I would be at liberty to receive callers, to which I replied, at eight that evening at my study.

Punctually at the hour named, these four gentlemen arrived at the front door and were welcomed into my library. They gave their names as Daniel Dodd, S. Staats Morris, Oscar Baldwin and Harry Duryea, and presented me with a letter forthwith telling me that I had been elected rector of Trinity church, Newark, N. J., as the successor to the Rev. Dr. Nicholson.

We shook hands and became friends at once—the newly elected rector exclaiming with mock shyness, "This proposal is so sudden!" Those gentlemen were very kind and cordial in their invitation, and as I bade them good-bye at the door it seemed as if I should soon see them again at Trinity church, Newark. But the next morning brought a different verdict, according to the old verse of the song of the lover sweetheart.

"Yes, I answered you last night,
Now I answer with a nay.
Colors seen by candle light
Do not look the same by day."

A few weeks later I met this same committee again by appointment at the Massasoit house, Springfield. We dined together and talked it over once more, and I promised to visit the church and the city, and when I paid this promised visit and saw how much more work was to be done in Newark, it did not seem right for a young minister to be thinking only of his ease in a comfortable parish, and so I came early in 1875 and began my ministry at Old Trinity church.

Those were kind friends who visited me at Brookline, and met me again at Springfield. Daniel Dodd made his house my headquarters, and I soon learned to be at home there under the welcoming smile of the dear soul, Julia Dodd, who was taken from her friends and from her new minister just when he had learned the richness and beauty of her character. Dear old S. Staats Morris (S. S. for "Steamship Morris," as I called him), was like a father to me, and gave me the most helpful and valuable advice. I can see now the guard chain of his eyeglass wound around his left ear, and can recall most vividly his broad, bold backhand penmanship. He drew up my first will, when there was positively nothing to bequeath to my heirs but my furniture, my library, my sermons and a trunk of wedding silver. And what an attentive listener he was. His handgrasp after service meant more as he gripped and twisted my hand up to the shoulders than a long story of voluble words. When he twisted my right hand up from left to right it meant "That was a fine sermon." When he reversed this screw and spiral

motion from right to left it meant "Not up to the mark, my son!" In those silent, dumb interviews after service, like the burial of Sir John Moore, not a word was said, but a powerful amount of meaning was conveyed by this right-handed and this left-handed twist.

Then there was Oscar Baldwin, the third member of this invitation committee. He was the singing canary bird of the party, an inveterate optimist, never looking down, never dismayed. All the difficulties which I placed in the way of coming were instantly bowled down by this accomplished ecclesiastical tenpin player.

I fell in love with this man, with his sparkling eye and his kindly smile, and like the love of the Master for his flock, I can say "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." Time and distance have separated me from the many friends of this Newark parish, but with such men as Oscar Baldwin I feel that if we were to meet to-morrow in the Great Desert of Sahara, beyond the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and miles away from newspaper reporters, we would begin just where we left off in those days which from the present standpoint, seem to be centuries ago, somewhere about the time of Nebuchadnezzar or the Pharaohs.

Then there was the fourth member of the committee, Harry Duryea (never Henry Duryea). He was a great, sonorous reverberating echo of everything that was good and strong and true. He was a regular "amen" brother, a sort of Greek chorus all in himself, and he always filled up the chinks and crevices of conversation, with a series of pious and conventional ejaculations which had the same effect upon a listener as a waterfall has upon a tourist, imposing a general silence in the presence of this original and unfailing source of power.

He was my Sunday school superintendent, and was

the most faithful and devoted helper in Sunday school work I ever had. His beautiful home, with wife and mother and children, was always a welcome spot to visit, and when he would touch me on the shoulder and give a gentle wink with the left eye and drop his voice to a whisper, I always knew that I had done something a trifle off the perpendicular standard of Trinity church, and that this way was my friend's method of getting me safely on to the track again. For those were difficult days for a young clergyman at Trinity, and keeping things just straight between the High church Scylla of the House of Prayer and the Low church Charybdis of the Reformed Episcopal church necessitated a steadiness of walk and a balance of pose almost equal to that of a Blondin on his tight-rope performance across Niagara's rapids.

When I first visited Newark it was upon a Saturday evening, and I was deeply impressed with the scene presented around the Centre Market place. It had a very foreign look and most Parisian air—what with the lights and the flowers and the open-air, out-of-doors kind of life one saw on porch and doorsteps. Park place, where, at No. 6, was the rectory, was an interesting street, facing the park in a dignified and aristocratic manner, and the first impression I had of Trinity church upon the park was that I was back again at Trinity church, New Haven. In fact, in this portion of the city the resemblance between New Haven and Newark is most marked.

I remember Mr. Peddie's house was somewhere near the middle of Park row. He was a celebrated trunk-maker, and had been mayor of Newark. I went to him upon one occasion, to buy a steamer trunk. "Are you going abroad?" he asked. "Not at present," was the reply, "but I want to get one of Mr. Peddie's steamer

trunks to put under my bed, in the rectory, in the hope that the aroma of travel from the trunk will become absorbed into my system, so that I will have to sail soon." And sure enough, within three months' time we were sailing on one of the Clyde steamers for a fortnight's trip to Havana.

It was in the park that the great political and out-of-door rallies were made, in the place near where the statue of General Kearney now stands. I remember upon one occasion that the Hon. James G. Blaine, who was Mr. Peddie's guest, addressed a large concourse of people. There was a great wooden platform, upon which were the speakers and officers and a famous German band. I was invited by Mr. Peddie to make the opening prayer. After this was over, Mr. Blaine began his address with the following clear, sparkling sentence:

"I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then someone in the crowd called out "Hurrah for James G. Blaine," and this remark interrupted the speaker, while a great ovation greeted the distinguished Republican leader. At its close, Mr. Blaine began again by remarking, "As I said a few moments ago, I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then a terrible grinding, crushing earthquake-like sensation was felt by all who were seated upon the staging, and the entire platform went down with a rush. We were tumbled over one another, speakers, officers, German band and all; and for myself, I felt as Korah, Dathan and Abiram must have felt when the earth opened and swallowed them up alive in the pit. Mr. Blaine and I happened to be wound around together, legs and arms in some inextricable confusion, and as we were trying to worm ourselves out of the melee, he said to me: "Mr. Newton, isn't there an article in the Apostle's creed about the resurrection from the dead?"

To which I replied: "There is, Mr. Blaine, and there is also an article about descending in to ——"

When the debris was removed and a place made for the speaker he began again by saying for the third time: "Notwithstanding these many interruptions, I am as opposed as ever to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

I remember most distinctly a certain party at the beautiful residence of Colonel Wright, at the corner of Park row, when we watched the old year out and saw the new year come in. This mansion was a noted one in Newark, and was famed for its hospitality, which was like that of a Southern home in Savannah or Charleston.

The churches at this time in Newark were many. The Presbyterian church was a power, in one of which Dr. Stearns officiated. Dr. Terhune was at the Dutch Reformed church, the Rev. Joseph Smith was at St. Paul's Episcopal church, the Rev. Dr. Harrison was at Grace church, and the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin was at the House of Prayer.

There was a certain Mr. Beecher who served up every week for a Newark paper, called, I think, "The City Item," a pen sketch of the different city pastors. He was very kind and merciful to me, and let me off easily. But a certain Baptist preacher was introduced to the public in the following opening sentence (of course I have changed the name of the minister): "The prominent idea in the mind of the Rev. T. Jefferson Jones is T. Jefferson Jones." In the fear of such an introduction to the public, I strove more than ever before for a real humility of soul and manner.

Monsignor Doane was at St. Patrick's church, and the young seminarian, Bishop Corrigan, then only 32 years of age, was bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese. I remember upon one occasion going to see Dr. Doane

about an article I was writing for a certain magazine. It was a study of the miraculous healing place at Lourdes, in France.

"Now, my dear Mr. Newton, I don't know anything about such subjects," said Dr. Doane. "All I know is about the Rock Island and Western, or the Northern Pacific, or the Atchison and Santa Fe railroads. But Corrigan will tell you," and with that he went to the entry and pulled a long bellrope up to the second-story building.

A polite figure in a cassock appeared at the head of the stairs, whereupon Doane called up, "Come down, bishop, and answer this Protestant seeker after truth. I can't give him any light—I'm only the treasurer of the diocese."

Thereupon the bishop descended and I stayed to lunch at the urgent request of Dr. Doane. It was Lent, and I remember we had quail on toast with currant jelly. "Is not this a rather sumptuous repast for the Lenten season?" I remarked to Dr. Doane. "We Anglicans do not indulge in high game at this season."

"Oh, now, my dear brother," replied my genial host, "why ask too many searching questions? The labors of the Catholic clergy at this season are very great, and when we have a guest who is a seeker after the truth, as you appear to be, it is but right that we should administer a little indulgence to ourselves."

Another very good thing I remembered he said at this dinner. Our talk in some way led up to the subject of the old Catholic movement in Germany. "Yes," remarked Monsignor Doane, "I said to my brother, William, the Episcopal Bishop of Albany, when he asked me about the old Catholic movement, 'Oh! that's our little Reformed Episcopal church, you know!'"

Dr. Doane was a dear, sweet soul, full of tenderness

and loving kindness, and very like a child in the sweetness and simplicity of his beautiful life for others.

Bishop Odenheimer was the bishop of the Episcopal church, and lived in rooms in the Park hotel, in Park place. Later on an Episcopal residence was secured for him on Washington park, and here, with his noble and administrative wife, the beautiful Anne Odenheimer, as I remembered her when I was a boy in Philadelphia, he passed the rest of his troubled life.

When I was a child in Philadelphia our home was in Pine street, above Ninth, and Dr. Odenheimer, then the rector of St. Peter's church, lived a few doors above us. Many a time this dear, good man, with his buttoned-up, clerical, long-tailed coat, would pull me along the street on my sled, and I always thought he was the best possible kind of a clergyman. St. Peter's church was at Third and Pine streets, and St. Paul's, which was my father's church, was at Third and Walnut. St. Peter's was considered very High church for those days, since they had an early communion every Sunday. St. Paul's was considered very Low church, inasmuch as they had an early prayer meeting before morning service. But Dr. Odenheimer and my father were the best of friends. I remember perfectly well when the telegram came announcing Dr. Odenheimer's election as the Bishop of New Jersey. It was during the session of the Diocesan convention at St. Andrew's church, when the telegraph boy brought the dispatch to Dr. Odenheimer in this assembly. He was sitting in the third pew from the chancel, in what was known as the "High church camp." Instantly, as soon as the news was known, his friends flocked around him to congratulate him, and among the first to take him by the hand and give him a brotherly hug was the rector of St. Paul's, who had hurried across from the Low church quarters,

So when I came to Newark as the rector of Trinity church, I came to an old friend, in the person of the bishop. But one Monday morning I received a note from him in his ecclesiastical handwriting, on Episcopal paper, with a mitre stamped upon it. The note was quite formal, and I wondered what it meant. When I entered his room he remarked:

"Mr. Rector, will you please read me this marked item out of the 'Daily Advertiser'?"

Whereupon I stood up and read before him in sonorous mock heroic tone of voice the following paragraph:

"The Rev. Mr. Newton, the new rector of Trinity church, preached yesterday afternoon to 5,000 people at the Moody and Sankey meeting at the Rink. The reverend gentleman appeared in a black coat, without prayer book or vestments, and offered a fervent extemporaneous prayer."

"Now, Mr. Rector," remarked the bishop, "is that statement correct?"

"It is, sir," I replied, "and I wish you had been there to close the meeting with your fatherly benediction."

"Ah! now, Billy, my boy," said the bishop, coming down from his high horse to the old-time basis of the sled-pulling business, "this sort of thing won't do in this diocese. You can do it in Philadelphia, but it won't do here. That isn't the church's way of reaching souls."

"I'm very sorry for the church, then," I replied, "for it seems to be the Almighty's way at present. But, my right reverend and dear father in God, did you hear what I did at night?"

"What foolish thing did you do at night?" asked the bishop. "Why, this foolish thing," I replied. "I went up to Father Goodwin's church, the House of Prayer, and I wore a beretta and a pink stole and a red cassock and a lace surplice all covered with open work embroid-

ery, and I Orientaled and I was covered with incense, and I preached the same revival gospel sermon that I preached at 4 o'clock to the crowd at the Rink. And I am the first rector of Trinity church who affiliates with his ritualistic brethren. Now then, Bishop Odenheimer, Trinity church is like a horse that has got one leg outside the trace. I refer to the Reformed Episcopal church. And I am here on purpose to get that outside leg inside the trace, and in order to do this I must preach wherever I am asked. Now then, do you want to have me keep up a high protective tariff against the High churchmen in your diocese?"

"Good-bye, Billy, my boy," said the bishop (no longer the formal 'Mr. Rector'), "You can go now, only for my sake, just be a little careful, you know"; and I threw the dear old soul a kiss from the second finger of my right hand and departed.

The friendships of life in Newark thirty years ago were grouped around three distinct centres—the philanthropic, the social and the churchly life.

I remember very well how the church guilds of the city at that period joined with others of a benevolent turn of mind in many plans and schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, Grace Church guild and the House of Prayer guild joined with like organizations in other churches to relieve the wants of the distressed in Newark.

Foremost among these schemes was the sanitarium for poor children at Greenwood lake. I remember it was the Hon. Abram Hewitt who presented the land for this house, and it was young Mr. Halsey Wood, the architect, from the House of Prayer, who designed this East Indian bungalow with porches and piazzas around it. One hundred and twenty-five children could be accommodated at a time, and before we knew it, this charity

was alive and very active, with the trains taking children there every Saturday, under the care and guidance of a regularly appointed committee. There was a steamboat which took the children on excursions around the lake, and every child had a ribbon on jacket or dress, to identify it in case it should get lost.

Some years after the establishment of this children's sanitarium at Greenwood lake, in the midst of a heated political campaign, Mr. Hewitt was attacked as a bogus philanthropist and pseudo-benefactor of the poor. He took no steps to deny these charges or to defend himself. I was in Europe at the time, but seeing the attack on Mr. Hewitt in one of the New York papers, I wrote a letter giving the particulars of Mr. Hewitt's deed of trust, which put a new light on the matter.

It was in the centennial year, 1876, that a group of us younger men formed a social and literary organization, which was known as the Fortnightly club. Mr. Stewart Mackie, Mr. Bloomfield Miller and Mr. Schuyler Jackson, I remember, were leaders in this new club, and the meetings were most delightful and enjoyable. I have often wondered what became of this club, and whether it met an early death or has survived to the present time. As I mention the name of Mr. Bloomfield Miller, I remember, with interest, his father, Mr. E. N. Miller, whose office was on the same floor in Broad street, near my dear old friend, S. Staats Morris. Mr. Miller, Sr., used to question applicants who came into his office for war pensions. His manner was most impressive, and his voice rich and full, and while waiting to see Mr. Morris, I could hear him question these applicants after the manner of Emmanuel Kant's imperative categories:

"Did you or did you not?"

"Have you or have you not?"

"Were you or were you not?"

How strange a thing is memory, that such details should find a chronic lodgment in the mind!

One of my most delightful friendships at this time was that of our family physician, Dr. Isaac Nichols. I went to him upon one occasion after arriving in Newark, firmly convinced that I had a dangerous and deep-seated malady. I explained the symptoms of what I was firmly convinced was organic heart trouble. I told him that my grandfather had died of this trouble, and that my father had suffered from it.

"Indeed," said Dr. Nichols; "how sad." "Yes," I said, "and to think that I should die so young—just at the beginning of my career."

"It is indeed most sad," replied the doctor.

"Well, then," I asked, "what is the matter with me, Dr. Nichols?"

He had a beautiful face, with a winning, sparkling eye and a sensitive, feminine mouth. He looked at me very seriously for a while, and then laying his hand upon my shoulder, made the following hyphenated, yet monosyllabic, reply:

"Sweet potatoes."

I believe I have never eaten an entire sweet potato since that remarkable visit, when I mistook an attack of indigestion for heart trouble.

Dr. Nichols was a devoted Presbyterian, but came every Sunday evening to Trinity church. I can see him now sitting in the back seat of the right aisle, leaning forward with his arms upon the front of the pew, always a most devout worshiper and attentive listener. He used to speak of the service of evening prayer which preceded the sermon as the "preliminary exercises." I remember meeting him in the park upon a certain Saturday evening, when he said to me: "I want to know if sometime you will preach a sermon upon the verse in

the Prophet Jeremiah which reads: 'If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?'

"Yes," I replied. "But this is a difficult text, and will require a great deal of thought and care."

"Of course," he said, "but some day do this for me when you have time."

That night, after the family had retired, I went up into my little writing-room in the third story of the rectory and wrote until 3 o'clock in the morning, and finished the sermon. On Sunday evening the doctor, as usual, was in his place in church, back by the door. When I ascended the pulpit, I looked over into Dr. Nicholson's corner and announced the text in a full, loud voice: Jeremiah, xii., 5: 'If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?'" Our eyes met, his beautiful face was wreathed with smiles, and he hunched himself up in the corner of the pew and never took his eyes off the speaker. It wasn't much of a sermon, but it pleased the doctor, and drove another iron rivet into our deepening friendship.

The secession of the Rev. Dr. Nicholson had left the parish in a shaken and disrupted condition.

It was by the loyalty and devotion of such men as Dr. William T. Mercer and Cortlandt Parker that the parish was held together, and it was a touching sight to see those men placing their faith in the youth whom they had insisted upon having as their minister. Mr. Parker's home, with all its varied interests, was always a delightful place to visit. There were the sweet young maidens, and the

lawyer son and the soldier boy at West Point, and the mischievous twins, an earlier edition of the Buster Brown type, and the dignified matron, who presided at the social board, and the unique personality of the distinguished lawyer of the Newark bar. We became great friends, and used to ride horseback together frequently before breakfast. I remember well one Saturday morning out on the Orange road there was a party of four of us, and I was riding a fiery, restless iron-gray horse which belonged to Mr. Parker. As we were cantering along my horse put down his head, took the bit into his mouth and assumed charge of things generally. I soon found he was running away with me, and that I could not control him. He shot past the others like a streak and left them far behind. At last, when he had tired himself out, and had come to a halt, the rest of the party came up, when Mr. Parker exclaimed: "I was really alarmed; I thought he had run away with you." To which I replied in two words of Delphic depth and significance, neither speaking the truth nor telling a lie: "Did you?" I believed then that if Cortlandt Parker had thought I had been run away with I would have lost all influence with him when I spoke from Trinity church pulpit.

And then, all those other friendships; how dear they are in the memory today. James D. Orton, the Howell family, with the strong sons and charming daughters; old Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, with their pride in their boy "Corty"; Mrs. Smalley, with her Bible class; Stewart Mackie in the Sunday school, with a music teacher who used to shake his head as he sang. When we came to pay him I remember suggesting that we pay him by the number of shakes per hymn or carol. And the dear Peters family, with their sons and daughters of all ages and sizes, ascending and descending the staircase like the

angels in Jacob's ladder. It was always a pleasure to see this family and, after a visit there, I purred on my way home like a cat that had been stroked until its fur was alive with electricity. I can remember all their names and the names of their servants. But it does not do in a chapter like this to call over names, lest we intrude upon dear and sacred memories.

During my entire two years in Newark I was never able to get into my mind the order and relationship of the Gifford family. I could call off from memory the kings of England and the presidents of the United States, but not the order of the Giffords. There were the heads of the different families, the cousins, aunts, nephews and nieces. But it made very little differences how they were related, for whenever you came across one of them you always came upon the same strong true type of character. There was the judge, who died soon after my arrival, and his devoted wife and children. And there was John Gifford, with his family, and Philip Gifford, with his enthusiastic devotion to the East Newark church, through winter and summer and through storm and fire. And there are others, who, through all these years have never once surrendered a friendship, which to look back upon in these latter days is worth more than whole burnt offerings, and reminds one of Emerson's matchless essay upon friendship, or Browning's opening line in the "Flight of the Duchess":

"What a strong thing friendship is;
World without end."

Yes! And as one thinks of such friendships as these the words of the evangelist comes into one's mind: "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

It used to be a tradition—I do not know how much truth there was in it—that Mr. Philip Gifford in playing the organ for the East Newark chapel, was in the habit of turning page after page of classical music marked “Mozart,” “Bethoven,” etc., on the organ rest, but that half the time the music book was found to be upside down, and the real composer was the organist himself. But at times it is not well for the individual historian to inquire too closely into the origin of the myths of history.

I remember a humorous incident connected with this East Newark church. A clerical cousin of mine, who was gathered to his fathers soon after I left Newark, was very anxious to be called to this church at East Newark. I knew the church would not suit him, and that he would not suit the church. But I did not like to refuse his request and deny his suit. So I said to him as he was leaving the rectory at night, before Mr. Gifford came for him, “Cousin Robert, I ought to tell you in advance that malaria runs riot in East Newark. Help yourself to quinine pills out of that jar on the mantelpiece, and when you get to the bridge put a muffler over your mouth, and don’t talk until you get inside the church. And do the same when you leave the church; keep a muffler over your mouth, and do not talk until you reach this side of the river. In this way, perhaps, you may escape an attack of chills and fever!”

The next day I asked Mr. Gifford if he found his companion an agreeable and talkative person. To which Mr. Gifford replied that he talked until they came to the bridge, when he wrapped up his throat in a large muffler and would not speak a word until they entered the church, and that he did the same thing on leaving the church. And returning to Newark, his conversation on the bridge was conducted like that of a deaf mute, in the sign language.

A few days afterward I received a letter from the clerical aspirant for the vacant position withdrawing his candidacy on account of the malarial dangers connected with the position, which incident shows how many ways there are of getting at results without being compelled to say "No."

When I first went to Newark I introduced a custom which I had in Brookline, of going around in a carriage the night before Christmas and leaving geese and turkeys among the poor. There was a card attached to the birds' legs with a ribbon and Christmas motto. The next morning, Christmas day, an old colored woman in the parish brought back a goose with its ecclesiastical fixings, saying that Miss Blank returned the goose, as she "wasn't no pauper."

"How is this, Nancy?" I inquired.

"Well, sir," said the old woman, "you see Miss Blank's feelin's is very large, too large for this yere goose, but Nancy's feelin's ain't above a goose!"

So Nancy got the goose and the other party received a prayer book and hymnal, in large type, in place of the Christmas fowl.

There were many excursions which we used to make in those days in Newark. It was before the day of the bicycle or the automobile, but we used to take carriage drives to Elizabeth and Orange, and I remember on one occasion the Sigmi Chi club of clergymen from New York were our guests, and we took those clerical visitors on a picnic ride to Llewellyn park. I remember also a famous sailing party to Perth Amboy one moonlight night which Mr. Schuyler Jackson conducted, with Mrs. Newton as chaperone. The name of the steamboat was the "Pope Catlin, and she ran aground and got on a mud bank, and we did not get home until 4 o'clock in the morning. I believe it was arranged with the titular

conductor of the party that if he would say nothing to the vestry of Trinity church I would not inform the trustees of the High Street Presbyterian church. So the secret has never been divulged until the present moment of writing, when no possible harm can come from the belated announcement of this famous concordat.

Some of my pleasantest memories of Newark were connected with High street. There was St. Barnabas hospital, with its physicians and nurses. I well remember the faithful service there of Dr. Archibald Mercer, who was as much the leading personality there as his honored father was at Trinity church. And there were the homes of the Jackson family—Mr. John Jackson, the lawyer, and Mr. Wolcott Jackson, vice-president or superintendent of the Pennsylvania railroad, and Mr. Schuyler Jackson, with his sisters.

The Rev. Mr. Wetherill, then assistant minister of Grace church, had a house upon High street, and gave sumptuous dinners and exhibited to his admiring friends his collection of Eastern and Russian clerical vestments. He had copes and chasubles galore, which were worn on high functions at Grace church, and the ladies used to be very proud of examining the embroidery work after his hospitable entertainments.

One of the places at which I was always made most welcome and felt most at home was the old Pennington mansion, 670 High street. Edward Pennington and his devoted wife, Lottie, became very near and dear friends to us all, and I got into the way of going to this High street home very frequently after the Sunday's work was over, for the sake of the relaxation which always was found there. Edward Pennington was a loyal friend and a great wit and fun lover, and it was always a delight to visit this home. Edward would describe most humorously the "canary bird concerts" in certain

churches in Newark, and would have no end of fun over the literary and ecclesiastical adventures of his sister Etta, whose presence in the family was always a perfect benediction. We were all interested in a translation from the German which was being made by a certain member of the family. The volume was entitled "Die Junge Stilling," and we used to send around mock advertisements and bogus reviews of this translation from the German.

But the centre of interest in this charming household was the youthful son and heir, who was at this time about eight years of age, and had a decided bent upon entering the ministry. This precocious boy, the idol of the household, would prepare a sermon every little while—evidently suggested by those he heard at Trinity church, and would deliver them in the library with a most dramatic accentuation of the unconscious mannerisms of the rector. In those days, as it was sometimes very warm in Trinity church at night, I had a register in the pulpit which, when opened by my foot let in a draught of cold air. I never was aware of the enormity of this pedal action of mine in the pulpit until I saw it dramatized and satirized by this youthful scion of the Pennington household. The service in the Pennington library when this boy preacher held forth was an original one—and involved ceremonial provisions, the use of incense which somehow would never ignite properly, and frequent changes of vestments of a peculiar form and pattern, presumably constructed from worn-out "robes de nuit," and invalidated silk and alpaca dresses. We were always very devout and attentive during the opening service, but the pulpit efforts were usually too much for the audience, as it was very evident who it was that the preacher was unconsciously burlesquing.

It was December, 1876, when I bade good-bye to Newark, to go to my new field, at St. Paul's, Boston. As I left the Newark station to take the train, I picked up a copy of the "Daily Advertiser," where I saw in print the sermon that I had preached at Trinity church the day before, "Holy Innocents' Day." The sermon was about the death of the little children in Judea, slain by the sword of Herod.

I rode that day to New York in the smoker, next to the baggage car. As I was reading the paper a beautiful child of six years of age, with golden ringlets falling on his shoulders, came to me and said, "Are you a minister?" "Yes, my child," I answered, "Why?"

"Because," said this darling boy, "I want you to comfort my father. There he is over in the corner of the car. His name is Junius Brutus Booth. My uncle is Edwin Booth, the actor, and my baby brother is dead, and is in a box in the baggage car. Oh! sir! do comfort my poor father."

I think I never was so touched in my life. I went over to the bowed and stricken father, and told him what a delightful friendship I possessed in knowing his brother Edwin, and gave him the copy of the Newark "Daily Advertiser" which I had, with my unread sermon in it on "The Death of the Holy Innocents."

And then I left him. But I never pass the Newark station without thinking of this incident.

I have been back to Newark several times since those far-away pastoral days. Once it was for a sermon, once it was to bury Mrs. Lottie Pennington, my dear hostess and friend. But it is all so sad. I asked a lady parishoner how her husband was, and she was grieved at me beyond words to think I did not know that he had been dead five years. I asked a gentleman friend how "Mary Ellen" was, and he, too, was grieved at my ignorance

in not knowing that his wife had died three years ago. So now I do not come, and in this way I keep a few dear old-guard veteran friends simply by not appearing,—by not asking any questions.

John Henry Newman, in a certain place in his "Apologia," describes how he sees the towers and spires of Oxford as he passes in the railway train, but has never had the courage to revisit the spot once so dear to him. And so it is with me as I pass by Newark. It may be weak to be so sentimental, but I can not help it. It is in me and is the way I have been made. But as I pass this dear spot and see the old houses and steeples that verse of Tom Moore's best explains my feelings:

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted—
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!"

CHAPTER VIII

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CIRCUIT RIDER IN THE NORTHWEST

AFTER graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in the class of '65, and after a year spent in Europe with two classmates, it was the privilege of two of us to enter the Philadelphia Divinity school, in the class which graduated in 1868. Dr. Vaughn had died; Dr. May had retired to Virginia; Dr. Stone was returning to Massachusetts, and Dr. Van Pelt was retiring to private life. Dr. Goodwin, our old provost at the university; Dr. Hare, who had been our teacher when we were boys at the Episcopal academy; Dr. Bancroft, who had been brought on to Philadelphia on purpose to make the students spiritually minded by the power of his own personality; Dr. Claxton, who had just come from Rochester, and Dr. Clement M. Butler, who had been chosen for the department of Church history, were our teachers. To some of us after college days and a year spent in Europe, the prosaic life at the Divinity school seemed unalterably dull. I think, as I look back over those days, that those who were in authority over us did the best they could with us. The trustees and overseers tried their hardest to make us think in proper lines of thought, and they imported at great expense the best men they could find to give us "*clear views of truth*" and to make us what we ought to be.

I remember how dear Dr. Bancroft prayed with us and wrestled with us to make us spiritually minded and sanctified in spirit; but the spiritual sense somehow re-

fused to materialize. I remember one day, after a very tearful, wrestling, agonizing season of prayer, Dr. Bancroft called me aside and asked me what was the matter with the class, and why we did not respond to his teachings. I said in reply that I could not tell, but that somehow it seemed like an injection of moral morphia, and the nature rebelled against it. These men wanted to help us all they could, but that period was an epoch of transition in the church: the old lines were fading out, and the new ones were not plainly seen, and so we objected to this or that party stamp or shibboleth, and preferred to scale the heights of knowledge as a forlorn hope with an iconoclastic axe rather than enter mildly and complacently the conventional temple of truth.

From the Philadelphia Divinity school, in company with his classmate and later friend, the Rev. Joseph M. Turner, the writer, went out on a missionary trip through Iowa, riding a circuit in Methodist style, for a summer vacation. What they wanted to get was light, and light comes best through practical work, and not alone by textbooks. Remember this, O ye who deal with the ardent minds of the young, and give your divinity students some work to do along with their theological cramming!

"I am surprised," remarked the dean, "that you two young gentlemen should volunteer for this work when there are others who have no place in view for their vacation. What is your motive in offering your services?"

The man who was soon to become a circuit rider over the prairies of Iowa and Minnesota replied: "Because, Mr. Dean, I for one, am tired of wading out into the surf in a three years' course which chills the system. I want to take a header and get to work at once, and then perhaps we will become more spiritually minded and will give Dr. Bancroft less trouble."

And so we started on our journey. We stopped over a

Sunday in Chicago, in June, 1867. Bishop Whitehouse was then in command of the diocese, and the Rev. Charles Edward Cheney was a priest of the church. I remember spending a charming day with him in his beautiful church, and was cheered by his hospitality at his rectory and by his help from the pulpit. We had relations living in Chicago. But they were not the right sort for two men going on a missionary journey. They proposed all sorts of theatre parties and other forms of amusement, from horse racing to poker playing, so we went away quietly and sailed up the Mississippi river to Davenport, where we met Bishop Lee and received our final charge from him.

"Dear boys," he said, "go to Brother Rambo at Cresco. He will tell you what to do. Do all the good you can in a general way, but don't trouble me with details, and don't ask questions. Remember, you are still laymen. We won't call it regular preaching. Go off and hold Bible classes; only don't ask me questions about your work."

Bishop Henry W. Lee was a large and imposing personality, with a sweet and genial smile and a loving, fatherly air about him. On the sail up the Mississippi from Prairie du Chien we were very much impressed with the dignified and majestic bearing of an elderly clergyman with a classic face and a great dome-like head. He was traveling with a younger, smaller companion, and they each had a dressing case which had about it the regular Episcopal look. I thought at first this noble-looking man might be the Bishop of Iowa, to whom we were consigned; and, after a little conversation about the scenery, I ventured to ask if I had the pleasure of addressing Bishop Lee of Iowa. The stranger laughed heartily, and said to his friend: "Gulliver, this young man thinks I am a bishop, and I am the man who has

fought them all my life! No, sir; my name is Parks—and I am from Andover!”

Our companions proved to be Professor Edward A. Parks, of Andover, and the Rev. Dr. Gulliver, one of the editors of the Congregational newspaper in Chicago. They were off on a vacation together; and this was the beginning of a long and close friendship with the celebrated theologian of New England Congregationalism. Afterwards, when I was rector of St. Paul's church, Brookline, Dr. Parks was in the habit of visiting the Rev. T. S. Copley Greene, who was a member of the parish. He always made a point of coming to St. Paul's church instead of going to the Congregational church, and was a most devout and attentive worshipper. He was a prince of story tellers, and a most able and brilliant conversationalist. I think his face and head were the most impressive of any man I have ever seen or met. There was a dignity and power about his bearing which was most commanding, and when we parted at Davenport I said to him: “I took you for a western bishop, Professor Parks, and I would to God you were one.” I think it was this remark which started our friendship and brought him to my church at Brookline years afterwards. The stories he told were most amusing, especially after the Vatican council of 1870, when he was in Rome, the accounts which he gave of his wanderings over the Campagna in company with the foreign bishops, preferably the Irish, because they knew where the best restaurants were to be found.

The Rev. Jacob Rambo received us and lodged us most courteously at his little cottage home at Cresco, Iowa. Mr. Rambo had been to Africa as a missionary and had stayed there until he was compelled to return on account of his health. Years before at old St. Paul's church in Philadelphia, where the different classes in the Sunday

school were named after the missionary heroes of the church, there was a "Jacob Rambo" class, and when this tall, thin presbyter met us at the railway station at Cresco, on the Cedar River Valley route, I felt as if I were coming into the presence of one of the early saints and apostles. And he was a dear old saint in the sweet simplicity of his faith and service. He kept us for a couple of days and gave us maps of the country and all sorts of good advice. Then we drew lots as to the geographical divisions of the country. Mr. Turner drew the southern section of the district, and was to live in a civilized town of three thousand people, while I drew the missionary horse and was to be a circuit rider up the Cedar valley, through the towns of Mitchell, Osage, and other places, until one reached the southern boundary line of Minnesota.

In a month's time the doubts and difficulties experienced at the Divinity school were gone. There was joy and wholesomeness and pleasure in the rhythm of work. There was no more chill to the system by the cold, slow process of wading out into the stream, first to the ankles and then to the knees. The man who had "taken a header" from the Divinity school to the fascinating activity of a circuit life across the prairies had saved his own soul in the stalwart act of trying to save the souls of others.

And there were long prairie rides, with caravans of the prairie schooners in the distance. And the stray little hamlets at the crossroads, and the friendships, and the hospitality shown to the missionary, and the beds of straw up in the attic where he slept, and the practisings of music in grocery stores, and the services held in court houses and barns and in stores, and at crossroads where the preaching was from the end of a buggy, with the horse tied to the fence, eating his oats during the service, and the choirs of native talent, and the wheezy melodeons,

and the little baby organ which the circuit rider carried in his wagon, and the critical remarks of his visitors, and the praise and sympathy of the faithful, are all elements of this vivid experience as a circuit rider which never can be forgotten.

But it was not all work. There were streams which were fished on the road from town to town across the prairies, and there were quail and partridges to be shot at from the wagon in the fall of the year, and there was a great deal of sunshine and of clear blue sky thrown into the missionary contract. Some of those experiences were very amusing. On arriving at the little town of West Mitchell in the first week of my circuit, I went to the large, white frame hotel and asked for a room. When I was shown to my room, which was directly above the barroom, I asked if I could have some water. "Why, yes, man," replied the landlord, "all the water you want. Just go down to the pump and help yourself." And then when I returned with the pitcher of water I drew off the cover of a sort of drum in the room and looked down into the smoky barroom below. I heard the landlord remark to a crowd of laughing, jeering folk in the saloon beneath: "Why, he asked for water, just as if he was in an eastern hotel. He's the new Jay Cooke missionary chap that the Board has sent out to convert us tough ones. He's a daisy, and he ought to have a nurse."

But wherever I went I came across the footsteps of a man who had been on the ground before me, and like King Wenceslaus, in the Christmas carol, I felt a distinct and well-defined warmth as I trod in the steps of my old friend and fellow student at the Philadelphia Divinity school, the Rev. Samuel P. Kelly.

In Phillips Brooks's Yale lectures on preaching there are two stories which found their way there through a recitation of this experience as a circuit rider. One of

these stories is the account of the man out West who gave a thousand dollars to the missionary for his church because he believed in the Episcopal church, since it never mixed itself up with politics or religion. The other is the story of the man who said he came to hear this young missionary preach because he was the first of those petticoat fellows he ever saw who made it a rule to shoot without a rest. In some way or other it became known out there that Mr. Jay Cooke, who was then president of the American Church Missionary society, had paid the expenses of these two students, and so we were dubbed with the name of the "Jay Cooke missionary chaps."

There was one experience in this trip which had an interesting aftermath, forty years later. There were many Swedes and Norwegians up along the Minnesota frontier, at whose little cabins I became a frequent guest. I would breakfast and dine with them and frequently would pass the night at their homes. Many years later, when in Stockholm, through the courtesy of Mr. Thomas, the American minister, I had an interview with King Oscar in the palace. This interview lasted thirty-five minutes, and our talk had been by his initiative about Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and Phillips Brooks. He had met Dr. Brooks when the latter was in Norway, and inquired with the deepest interest about his subsequent career.

And then I added, "I would not impose myself upon your majesty and your busy life were it not that I thought I could bring to you a message which would cheer you!"

"A message for me," remarked the king, "Pray, tell me how you bring a message to me?"

"Listen, your majesty," I continued, "Years ago, when I was a student of divinity, I went out West as a circuit rider in Iowa and Minnesota. There I came across a great many Swedes and Norwegians. I was their guest at their houses and sat at their tables eating bread and

milk on their rude trays, and sleeping in their barn lofts. And upon every mantelpiece, your majesty, I would observe your picture, with a rose or a sprig of geranium in front of it, as if it had been a picture of the Madonna or a holy shrine or iron. And these poor peasant folk would say, 'Oh! you ought to know our king! you ought to see our king. Promise us if you are ever in Stockholm, you will go and see our king.' So, finding myself here I have remembered the words of those Swedes, uttered forty years ago, and I have come into your presence to tell you that amid your cares and burdens, a nature that has so impressed himself upon his people as you have done has not lived in vain."

The tears came into his soft and tender eyes, and rising from his chair, he gently and graciously took his guest to his strong and outstretched arms. This seemed to be the fitting and psychological moment to retire, and with a warm handshake from the king, the visitor backed towards the door and was once again in the outer salon—where an usher conducted him down the stairs to the cloak-room.

And all the way home to his hotel he kept wishing he could see more of this noble looking man who had won his heart so completely; whom he had left drying his eyes at the open window of the Stockholm palace.

CHAPTER IX

REMINISCENCES OF CHURCH LIFE IN RHODE ISLAND

(1) PROVIDENCE

My first visit to Providence, some 50 years ago, was in this wise: In the summer of 1856 a clerical party sailed with Captain R. F. Loper, of Stonington, Conn., in his fast yacht, the "Madgie," on a cruise through Martha's Vineyard to New Bedford, where we were to join the New York yacht squadron and enter the race of 40 miles to the windward off a certain light, known in those days as the Sow and Pigs. This trip included a cruise in the Nantucket waters to catch swordfish and a visit to Block Island, Newport and Providence. I was 10 years old and was taken along in this clerical party, principally, I am led in these later days to conclude, because I was an admirable stool pigeon in the way of general good conduct at prayers and deportment, so that my influence would be felt upon the sailors and visitors as a sort of juvenile mascot of the clerical and religious type. For on these clerical trips prayers were carefully observed every night and morning, and all oaths were at a discount. But on this eventful trip I remember perfectly well that in the most critical moment of the race, just as the "Madgie" was "coming about" in particularly fine style around the outer stake boat, she broke her bowsprit and the jib fell down like the broken wing of a duck that had been shot, whereupon Captain Loper, chewing vigorously on a cud of tobacco, exclaimed, "Turn the clergy down into the cabin; shut the gangway and let me swear!" And really

it seemed to me then to be all very fine. (I mean the swearing part.) I remember, as we huddled down into the cabin and saw our host, like the admiral in Stevenson's story "Kidnapped," chewing up wine glasses and spitting out the blood, thinking how fine, after all, the profession of a pirate really was, as contrasted with the seasick parsons lying around me, who, I inwardly felt, wanted to "say something," but wisely kept from it.

On this voyage in the "Madgie" from Stonington to New Bedford we came to Newport, and by rail to Providence, and then sailed across to Block Island, where we spent a memorable Sunday.

It is hard in these days to realize the primitive condition of the Block Island of 60 years ago. I remember Rev. Dr. William Patten, a well known Congregational divine of those days, and my father, conducted service in a little log school house situated upon the summit of the bluffs. Dr. Patten took the service, or, as the natives called it, "the preliminary exercises," while my father preached the sermon, which was interrupted every few minutes with ejaculations and imprecations from members of the congregation, such as "Them's my sentiments," "Hit him again," "That's a good one," "He's hit the devil hard," and such like expressions. I remember it was with the greatest difficulty that my father was able to finish his sermon amid these voices and comments on his preaching effort. It seemed to me then, as a child, as if these Block Island natives thought that the preacher was engaged in a physical wrestling bout with Satan, and needed these assurances of encouragement and sympathy from the congregation, which, like a rustic Greek chorus, interpreted the message of the hour to one another and to the visiting delegation from the yacht "Madgie." I think it was years before the impression of this service on the bluff heights of Block Island, in the little log school

house, faded out of my mind. For here was an island apparently as remote from American civilization as Guam island in the imperial life of today. And somehow Whittier's lines about the wreck of the "Palatine" always come into my mind whenever I think of the primitive Block Island of 60 years ago, and that strangely punctured service in the little rustic school house perched like a hen-coop upon the barren bluff.

"Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken.

"Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the Island of Manisees.

"And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!"

From Block Island the yacht "Madgie," with its clerical passenger list, sailed for Newport. We went ashore and attended service at Trinity church, where Bishop Clark preached. This was my first meeting with the Bishop of Rhode Island, and he was very good to the little boy, and said some very nice and kind things to him.

Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Mercer was then in charge of All Saints chapel, which was a proprietary chapel, and belonged to himself in some strangely mysterious way, so that he was like Pooh-Bah in the opera of "The Mikado," and was his own rector, warden and vestry, all in himself. His chapel was very popular in those days in the distinctly social set, and Rev. Dr. Mercer was a man of most charming and winning presence. Rev. W.

Colvin Brown was rector of Zion church at this time, and was the possessor of a voice of such depths that when he spoke it would seem as if he must surely wake the dead in the adjoining graveyard. At least such was the impression made upon me as a child, when I heard him speak in Zion church, Newport.

Providence in those days was considered as the second great capital of New England, a place like Jerusalem of old, of which it was affirmed "For thither the tribes go up." It was not thought then, as it is frequently considered now, a good place to start from in one's automobile for Jamestown ferry or Greene's inn, at Narragansett pier. But, after all that we may say about it, the new and wonderful social life of Rhode Island, growing as it does out of its marked facilities for watering place life, must claim Providence as its head and central storehouse of all domestic and personal supplies.

I remember an experience at the Island of Guernsey some years ago which illustrates the strange ignorance on the part of our English friends of American, and especially New England, geography, with little realization of the cosmopolitan greatness of Providence. I met at a service in Vale Meadow at the church of Canon Bell, the Lord Bishop of Winchester, the Rt. Rev. Anthony Thorold. Being invited to the rectory to dine, the Bishop of Winchester, who was making a confirmation visitation on the island, was very anxious to know about Bishop Brooks, at whose residence in Boston we had been fellow visitors when he was the rector of Trinity church. After describing to his lordship in realistic details the election of Dr. Brooks, and his work as bishop of Massachusetts, Bishop Thorold remarked, "And then there was a most delightful old bishop whom I met at Dr. Brooks's rectory. Oh! he was so bright and charming. I think he came from a neighboring island." "Yes,

your lordship," I replied, "It was Bishop Clark of Rhode Island." "Ah! yes, quite so! quite so." Bishop Thorold answered. "Yes, Bishop Clark of Rhode Island. And does he often get to the main land?" It was evident that Rhode Island had become confused and mingled in some way with 'the channel islands which belonged ecclesiastically to the diocese of Winchester, and which as all who visit them in stormy weather realize, are some distance from the mainland.

As long as he lived, if I may be guilty of an Irish bull, Bishop Clark was always to my mind the queen bee of the charming city of Providence. I had always had the most delightful impressions of Providence because of my relationship with the Cooke family in its many and always interesting branches. Bishop Clark was always the fascinating magnet which drew me up the hill to his yellow house with white facings, looking as it did like an enlarged sponge cake with sugar coating decorations, on George street. I can see the house now, and can feel the delicate little brass bell-pull which communicated to the hospitable interior of that simple episcopal dwelling. I have seen and heard and known Bishop Clark in every conceivable mood and situation. I loved him as a child, and adored him as a youth when along with Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Dr. Chapin, Thomas Starr King and Edward Everett, he was the idol of the lecture lyceum system. He was frequently my guest at Brookline, Boston, and Pittsfield, and was my fellow helper and strong adviser in the movement for church unity known as "The Congress of Churches." We were companions and friends at Phillip Brook's rectory in Boston, and at Narragansett pier, and in his later hours, when the shadow of sorrow and deep melancholy sat heavily upon him I was frequently honored by an appeal to come to him to tell him

stories and play on the autoharp for him. I remember going down from Pittsfield to Providence by special invitation on one occasion to play for him, only to find that he could not see anyone. On one of his latest visits to Pittsfield he was afflicted with insomnia and could not sleep. So we sat up together in the study all night, while he repeated by the hour whole passages from Shakespeare. In repeating Mark Antony's address he rendered the familiar line with the following emphasis:

"But Brutus says he *was* ambitious. And Brutus is an honorable man."

Many years afterward, when seeing James O'Neill, the Shakespearian actor, in the play of "Julius Caesar," I discovered that he adopted the same rendering of this line, making the emphasis to rest upon the debatable point whether Caesar was or was not ambitious, and I wondered whether he had ever heard Bishop Clark's interpretation of this famous paragraph. Upon his 82nd birthday I sent him an affectionate and humorous poem, a couplet of which was as follows:

"Do not think that I am rude
On your sweet BE 82 DE
Hark! The waiting clergy hark
To the words of Bishop Clark."

Within 48 hours I received a humorous poem in reply, beginning with the words

"Oh, Brother William Wilberforce,
Of how much good thou art the source."

I think there has never been a man in the history of the American church who has touched life so deeply and so intently at so many vital points as Bishop Clark has done. Preacher, writer, story-teller, statesman, poet, brilliant in repartee, forcible in debate, dowered with tact and grace, he went through clouds and sunshine to his death, as a great man with the tender heart of a loving, innocent child. And the lines which he wrote just before his death have about them a swan-song character almost equal to Tennyson's last poem, "Crossing the Bar."

"My work in life is well nigh done,
I wait the setting of the sun."

The Providence Episcopal clergy have been men of mark and note, and it has been their life in the city of Providence which has developed them and sent them on their way to positions of influence and power. Dr. Richards, with his rare scholarship and grace of expression; Dr. Currie, with his brilliant pulpit power; Dr. Greer, with those embryo forces of strength which have found their later development in the great work of St. Bartholomew's church and the wider field of the episcopate in the diocese of New York; Rev. F. W. B. Jackson, Rev. Dr. Tomkins, Rev. Dr. Rousmaniere and Rev. Dr. Fiske, with his great administrative abilities, which have won for him episcopal elections and appointments to great city churches, all of which have been declined, in order that he might go on with his parish work at St. Stephen's, are men of whom any city might well be proud. It was of such as these that St. Paul wrote when he penned those well known words, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you."

My earliest recollection of church life in Rhode Island was a visit made to Westerly, when the Rev. John Hub-

bard was having some strange experiences there which brought down upon him the mild reproof of Bishop Clark. I was then about ten years of age, and was taken by my father on a visit to this thriving Second Adventist town. It is all a closed chapter now, and these men are with the dead. But the striking feature of it all was the fact that men and women were interested then in religious life and experience in a way which does not seem possible at the present time.

It is said of the late Dr. Hallam of St. James' church, New London, that upon a certain Christmas day he preached for an hour upon the subject of "Puritan objections to the keeping of feast days," and concluded his sermon by saying, "And now after stating these objections to the keeping of the Christmas day as fully and as thoroughly as I know how, I shall answer them all and close this sermon with two words, 'Who cares?'" And if these old contestants were to revisit the earth I fear the reply of Dr. Hallam in his Christmas sermon would be a fitting answer to the points contained in this controversy. I remembered on this same visit we went to Newport to see Bishop Clark about this John Hubbard matter, and while the fathers and elders were consulting over it in Trinity church vestry room, I was playing with a large Newfoundland dog in the churchyard of old Trinity. And I never see the white spire of Trinity church now without thinking of my black playfellow of former days, with his superabundant paws and excess of wagging tail.

I first knew of Grace church, Providence, through the Rev. D. Otis Kellogg, D.D., who was rector during the early seventies. I remember that he was very much interested in my future, and secured for me an election to St. Paul's church, Pawtucket, when I was a young deacon. But this was not to be. Dr. Currie, who followed

Dr. Kellogg at Grace church, developed in the city of Providence that original and picturesque manner of preaching which has made his name familiar to the Episcopal church of America as one of its most interesting pulpit orators. The essential feature of Dr. Currie's preaching was a sort of Scotch canniness served up with the most delightful and piquant literary sauce—a sort of moral and theological “Boullaibasse” of Thackeray's well known rhyme about the celebrated cafe in Paris. This quality of piquancy was found in everything that Dr. Currie said or did. He made things vivid and alert, and satisfied Matthew Arnold's standard of success, viz: That a thing to be successful must be interesting. And it was his attractive personality at Grace church, Providence, which prepared the way for his later remarkable ministry of power at St. Luke's church, Philadelphia.

It was at Grace church, too, prior to the very successful work of Rev. Dr. Tompkins and Rev. Dr. Rousmaniere, that the Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., the present bishop coadjutor of New York, developed his phenomenal ability as a preacher and an administrator. It is very seldom that one can find hidden beneath the surface of the rhetorical preacher such a marvelous wealth of organizing power as Bishop Greer has proved himself to possess. Pulpit eloquence is one thing, but the administrative faculty such as Dr. Greer developed in Providence is quite another thing. It is like the combination of Edmund Burke or St. Chrysostom of Constantinople with ex-President Roosevelt or William Pitt. Not frequently is a single nature so richly dowered with the graces of rhetoric and logic as has happened in the experience of Dr. Greer. And it was in Providence, at Grace church, that Dr. Greer first began to attract the attention of the church as a man of undoubted power which was distinctly of the statesmanship type and order.

The Episcopal church in Providence and throughout Rhode Island has been marked by the service of some very eminent men of which any American state might be proud. The names of Henshaw and Clarke and Mercer and Richards and Fiske and the Bassetts are familiar ones to the student of our American church life today. And such names as these it well becomes any diocese in the land to hold in high esteem. The famous old Narragansett church, now venerated and kept in good repair at Wickford, Rhode Island, is a typical church building full of memories of by-gone days. It was the town of Wickford which gave to the church at large that great worker and leader in the northwest, Bishop Thomas of Kansas, and the region by the seashore at Narragansett pier has made us also familiar with the names of Dr. Francis Wharton, Dr. William R. Babcock, and Rev. E. Bixby, D.D., Rev. Dr. Hodge.

I remember two very successful church congresses which were held in Providence, and a certain church club dinner at which I was an after-dinner speaker. I was the guest of my friend and fellow traveller in Europe, the Rev. Dr. Fiske of St. Stephen's church, who warned me in advance about one of the appointed speakers of the evening who, in Dr. Fiske's words, had "swallowed Webster's unabridged dictionary at the age of seven, and followed this feat with the successful swallow a few years later of the entire Encyclopedia Britannica."

After the dinner was over this very eloquent clerical speaker held his audience spellbound from nine o'clock to half past ten. The guests looked at their watches and then looked at me in a most threatening and defiant manner, much as the cave dwellers of a remote and prehistoric period might have looked upon the advent into their midst of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Superman."

Amid a serried row of yawns, with much shuffling of feet and clicking of watches, the second appointed speaker of the evening arose at half past ten o'clock and remarked, "Gentlemen, I have lost my speech; it has been blown to atoms by the remarks of the distinguished orator who has just resumed his seat, as the Sepoys in India were blown from the cannon's mouth. I can only say that I feel with the centipede in the familiar verse:

"The centipede was happy quite,
 Until the toad in fun
 Said, pray which leg comes after which?
 Which worked her mind to such a pitch
 She lay distracted in the ditch
 Considering how to run."

Thereupon, to the immense relief of that great dinner party, I took my seat and the meeting came to an end. Judge Stiness fairly beamed upon me, and Bishop Clark quickly adjourned the meeting for fear I might be tempted to reconsider my action. The clergy and laity of Rhode Island have been grateful to me for that benevolent act ever since. I seldom meet one of them now without a reference to my beneficent performance at that celebrated dinner party. But it must have been my swan song. I have never again been asked to speak in Providence.

(3) NARRAGANSETT PIER

The first visit I ever made to Narragansett pier was in the summer of 1855, when Captain R. F. Loper took a party of clergymen on a cruise through the Newport waters on his famous yacht, the "Madgie." I was a little boy in a sailor suit of blue, and it was my special

duty to wait upon my elders and superiors in the capacity of a high-grade cabin boy.

I distinctly remember the old pier, formed out of a collection of rocks and boulders, and evidently prepared by volunteer and amateur helpers. I remember the ancient sloop which used to sail from the pier to Newport, and upon this special occasion our party dined at old Captain Taylor's hotel on the shore. The captain used frequently to call his guests by their Christian names, while his gentlemen boarders were addressed as "Uncle" and every lady among his guests was known as "Aunty." The boys on the place were all called "Sonny" and the little girls received the sobriquet of "Sissie." On this visit I was addressed as "Sonny," though in after years when I became a cottager at the Pier my title was advanced and I was always called "Uncle."

It was on a Sunday morning that we cast anchor at the Pier, and after lunch the yacht "Madgie," with its genial host and its clerical visitors sailed across the bay to Newport.

We went that afternoon to Trinity church, rowing from the yacht ashore, and the little cabin boy went along with his superiors into the vestry room to see the great Bishop Clark. When we arrived at the vestry room the organ was playing and the Bishop robed and ready for service was indulging in some playful antics with a large Newfoundland dog. This performance deeply interested the small boy, and won him at once to the hitherto unappreciated doctrine of the Apostolic Succession. My father, I remember, suggested that we should depart, as the time had arrived for service, but the bishop replied: "Oh, dear, no; it is a sleepy service, and there are not many persons present. Let the organist play and let the people wait." And then an incident happened which was the beginning of a friendship lasting throughout the rest

of the bishop's lifetime. Seating himself in a large chair and letting the big Newfoundland dog go out of the vestry room under the care of the sexton, the Bishop took the little boy, in his blue suit, on his lap and whispered something in his ear, at which the boy blushed deeply.

Then the visitors withdrew into the church, and the bishop conducted the service. He preached a sermon in which I remember he gave an account of the Pacific railroad's opening up an avenue of prosperity and civilization to the War West, and quoted Bishop Berkley's lines in the very presence of the clock given by the bishop to Trinity church, Newport.

On the way back to the yacht my revered and beloved father asked me what it was that the bishop whispered in my ear. "That," was the reply, "is a secret; the bishop said I must not tell." So the secret was profoundly kept until one day, years afterward, when Bishop Clark was a guest at St. Stephen's rectory, Pittsfield, and my father was visiting his boy. The incident was then divulged at dinner. The former cabin boy confessed that what the bishop really said was this: "My boy, you are better looking than your father! Try to be as good!"

The bishop denied all recollection of the impromptu remark, but the boy had not forgotten it, especially the closing sentence,, for all the ministers and bishops had uniformly shaken a big stick at the little boy and had warned him in advance in Chadbandish tones how difficult it would be to become as good as his father.

"The art of putting things," as the country parson has described it in his well known essay, was one of Bishop Clark's most remarkable gifts. He could smuggle a piece of advice into a pleasing compliment or could make one receive "no" as one takes a disagreeable medicine in sugared water, or could talk around a subject without

committing himself as no one else I have ever met or know could do.

When I visited Narragansett pier the next time it was as a tenant in the cottage of my old friend, Rev. Francis Wharton, LL.D. Dr. Wharton I had known ever since I was a boy in Philadelphia, when he used to return to his home in that city from Kenyon college, O., where he was professor of English literature. Later on, when he was professor at the Episcopal Divinity school at Cambridge, Mass., we came together again, and at his earnest request I went to Narragansett Pier for the summer, and took the little cottage near his own house. It was during these years (1877 to 1880) that I occupied his cottage, and came once more under the spell of his fascinating and attractive personality. Here he was kept busy both with the claims of society and with the production of his many law volumes, which he wrote and compiled during the summer season at his cottage. He worked with a marvellous sense of ease, and would frequently drop his pen for a chat with his friends in the parlor or the piazza, returning to his book with the precision of some finely adjusted machine.

As side studies to his legal writings he would frequently throw out a brilliant brochure in the ecclesiastical and religious sphere, as in his able little volume entitled "Prayer Considered in the Light of Petition." In all the busy social life at the Pier, in the book and magazine club and in many sociables and entertainments for the benefit of St. Peter's Church-by-the-Sea, of which the beloved and popular Rev. Charles H. Bixby was the rector, Dr. Wharton was always a leading and commanding character.

It was during these days in a certain summer that together we invited the Clericus club of Boston, of which the Rev. Phillips Brooks was then president, to visit the

Pier. Some 20 clergymen accepted the invitation, and for two days the place was alive with these clerical visitors. At the entrance to the grounds we swung out to the breeze a large white banner with this motto on it, "Welcome Clericusses," after the manner of a political transparency, which greatly amused our guests.

President Porter of Yale college, Phillips Brooks, Dr. Mulford and many other well known clergymen were present. I knew that Bishop Whipple, the apostolic missionary to the Indians, was very fond of his after-dinner cigar, and when we were by ourselves I offered him an immense yellow Portuguese cigar braided and twisted together like a marine spike on a sailing vessel. After a few whiffs, the bishop laid it down, remarking, "Have you any other kind of cigars, brother?" "No," I replied, "I procured these cigars especially for this occasion." "What do you call this cigar?" he asked. "It is called the Missionary," I replied. "Why is it called the Missionary?" inquired the bishop. "It is called the Missionary, my dear bishop," I said, as I handed him a mild little cigar which I had named "the Parson's Pride," "because it is a test of a man's character; it requires so much self-sacrifice to smoke it."

It was on this occasion that in a fit of boyish fun I went to my old friend, Captain Taylor, the proprietor of Taylor's hotel, and asked for the loan of a cannon which he kept for salutes upon the Fourth of July and other festive occasions. I explained that as there were some canons of the church coming to the Pier, it would be well to give them a military salute of welcome. But the old captain was immovable, and, falling back upon the old-time title, remarked: "No, sonny, I can't let you have that cannon. The first thing you know it would go off and explode with too much powder and kill some of them ministers!"

So the clergy came and went without their military salute.

There were many distinguished and interesting visitors at the Pier during these summer days. Dr. Hodge of Princeton was a frequent sojourner. He preached in the Presbyterian church, to the edification and delight of his friends and followers. His clear, calm face and steady poise of manner, his theological and intellectual grasp of mind and his assured air of confidence and trust are well remembered elements in the composition of his character. A man strong in the faith and in the Scriptures, Dr. Hodge left a deep impression behind him.

Dr. Edward A. Washburn of Calvary church, New York, was another well remembered personality. Dr. Washburn loved to take the initiative and to break his radical lance over the backs of a conservative and conventional congregation. I well remember upon one occasion how anxious Dr. Wharton was that his friend should not essay in the publicity of St. Peter's church to air any of his radical views, and gave a number of reasons why he should preach a safe and satisfactory sermon.

To which Dr. Washburn replied to me as he left Dr. Wharton's study: "Wharton is afraid I will break some of the china in the church next Sunday, and from what he says, I think it is my bounden duty to do so." And he did it in his own strong and majestic way the next Sunday—though no harm ever came of it.

President Porter of Yale college was another frequent visitor at Narragansett. There was in the face of this remarkable man a curious blending of the New England farmer and the Roman patrician. The first time I ever met the distinguished president of Yale college I was struck with his resemblance to the face of Julius Caesar as given us in coin and cameo.

It seemed strange to think that this apparently quiet

and unassuming man was the head of the great university of New Haven, with his hand and his mind upon all the problems of discipline and culture which came before him every day for a wise and comprehensive settlement.

I shall never forget a dinner, a solemn, severe metaphysical dinner, which was given by the elder Mr. Hazard, the well known philosopher and writer, at his home at Peace Dale. Dr. Wharton drove over from the Pier with President Porter, Rev. Dr. Greer, then of Grace church, Providence, and the writer. We knew it to be a rather profound and serious affair, and on the way over I suggested to Dr. Wharton that if he did not do his very best and was not brilliant with his inherent brilliancy, which surpassed at times the wit of Sidney Smith, I should feel compelled at the dinner to tell a certain absurd story about an English showman describing the pictures which he was exhibiting to the children.

This greatly amused President Porter, and he confessed that he was in hopes Dr. Wharton would not be as brilliant as he could be, so that the story might be told. Dr. Wharton was horror-stricken at the suggestion, and declared that it would never do to tell this story at Mr. Hazard's table, whereupon, encouraged by a nudge from President Porter, the writer declared that he would certainly do it if the conversation flagged, and the signal in advance would be the word spoken at the table, "Westminster Abbey."

During the first marked halt in the conversation, at a signal from President Porter, I asked him if he had visited Westminster Abbey during his recent visit to London. Whereupon Dr. Wharton plunged into an animated discussion designed to head off the story.

Again, when a second lull ensued in the talk, Dr. Greer was asked if he had visited Westminster Abbey lately,

which remark started Dr. Wharton once more in another brilliant stream of talk.

On the drive home, Dr. Wharton remarked that it was the most anxious dinner party he had ever attended, owing to the mischief of the writer, but President Porter deplored the fact all the way back that the story had not come to the light at this metaphysical banquet.

This incident is told as a revelation of this man's innate sense of humor. No sophomore at Yale college was yearning for mischief more than was this college president on this occasion, and his comprehension of the ludicrous element connected with a grave and serious occasion is something I have never been able to forget.

There are other names of interest connected with the social life at Narragansett Pier. Brander Matthews has written about the place in certain brilliant stories. Thomas Janvier has penned his sketches about it, notably the story entitled "The Uncle of an Angel." The Pier never was so beautiful and attractive as it is today, and while it continues to be the charming spot it is there will always be those to sing its praises and to rejoice in its undefinable sense of charm.

CHAPTER X

BISHOP DOANE; AND CANON GORE'S RETREAT AT ALBANY

THE Rt. Rev. Wm. Croswell Doane has always been, to my mind, the truest possible type of the real Episcopal executive and administrator. It has always seemed to me that he should have lived at the time of the bishop barons on the Rhine, during the days of the Rhenish Palatinate, when, I confess, I should have enjoyed being on his staff or in his Episcopal retinue, riding a charger and going to church between military campaigns.

He has certainly been the great dominant personality of church life in Albany and the region round about, and the noble group of buildings he has erected upon the banks of the Hudson are the witnesses of the vigor of his life work.

All Saints' Cathedral is the first great living cathedral we have ever had. The Garden City cathedral has been a picturesque venture. But now the age of the cathedral as a central power has come, and we have the Washington, New York and Boston cathedrals in course of erection. But to Bishop Doane belongs the glory of having built our first great cathedral, and of having buttressed it upon the steep banks of the Hudson, with clustering school and hospital.

Bishop Doane has always been in every great critical epoch of the church's history a conspicuous representative of ethical strength and moral force—and not merely an advocate for certain theological and ecclesiastical doctrines. He has been a great statesman in the church's life in the last generation, which has left behind him a record

like that of Cleveland and Roosevelt in the history of the nation.

He has been poet, builder, and guide, and has interpreted into the broadest, truest sense the life of the period to the onlooking world.

Like President Roosevelt, he carries in his richly endowed nature the paradox of a dual personality, that which he is by temperament and that which the light of events and a busy career have weeded out.

Like Gladstone, he has been charmingly inconsistent, beginning life as an ultra conservative, and standing to-day for that breadth which comes from the liberty of law.

At the invitation of Bishop Doane I attended the retreat at Albany in September, 1898, which was conducted by Canon Gore, now Bishop of Birmingham.

On arriving at St. Agnes school, I was most cordially welcomed, and was shown to my room, where I surveyed my cloisteral surroundings. As I thought, of the place where I was to sleep, the lines of the well known hymn came into my head:

"Ye living men come view the spot
Where ye must shortly lie."

My little iron bed, which belonged to some dear child of twelve years of age, was four feet and a half long and two and a half feet wide.

I soon discovered that the way to get rested upon it was to rest one side of my body and then turn over and rest the other side; very much like broiling a fish or a fowl on a spit before the open fire. Then having rested myself latitudinally, as it was, I proceeded to pull myself out like a telescope and rest myself longitudinally, in sections; or, as dear old Dr. Hare used to say at the Divinity school in Philadelphia, "This passage, gentlemen, we will now distribute into parts."

By going to bed at seven o'clock and distributing myself into parts during the night watches over their four-and-a-half by two-and-a-half bed, I found I was able to secure sufficient repose in installments for the duties of the following day. It was an amusing experience, this tumbling myself into a child's bed before the return of the students to St. Agnes' school for the Fall session. But I said nothing about it, thinking that perhaps this was part of the discipline, as I remembered the prophet's description of the hardened sinner finding the bed shorter than that he could stretch himself upon it.

The rule of strictest silence pervaded the entire retreat. I was a guest at Bishop Doane's table along with a number of bishops and the missionary himself. Dean Robbins stood by the great fire-place in the refectory and read aloud at each meal in his full, rich, beautiful voice a sermon from a volume by Dean Church of St. Paul's cathedral. It was all very serious and impressive and edifying.

These lectures by Canon Gore upon the Ephesians were most masterly and effective. I think I never realized before the meaning of that expression in the Gospel of St. Luke where in the interview at Emmaus we read, "Then opened he their understanding that they might understand the scriptures." Silent prayer, the rapt, earnest voice of the missionary, the stillness of the great cathedral in the afternoon and evening hours, the deep, full tones of Bishop Doane's voice in the closing prayers, and the sound of the retreating footsteps of the solitary missionary when the service was over heard along chancel and aisle and descending slowly into the crypt below were most impressive.

It was in many ways the most helpful season of spiritual retreat I have ever known. The gathered clergy, the isolation from the affairs of every-day life, the hos-

pitality of Bishop Doane, the rare quality of the exegesis of the distinguished scholar who conducted the mission, all united to make of this retreat a unique occasion of religious rest and refreshment.

Canon Gore enjoyed his smoke in the half-hour siesta which was given after meals. I remember once offering him some Virginia tobacco for his pipe. As we were not allowed to talk, I pointed to the name on the package. "Yes," he whispered, as he helped himself to the proffered narcotic, "Lone Jack very good," and I thought how many diverse elements there are that go to make up an entire, full-sized, all-around man.

I had a singular episode connected with this retreat. At the end of the second day I inquired of our gracious host if I might be allowed to go out and take a walk for an hour, in order to buy a newspaper to see what was going on in the outside world, to which he readily consented. The next think to do was to find my way out without talking or asking questions. As I wandered through the cathedral trying to find an exit door I met my old friend, the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, walking up and down with arms folded, and a Napoleonic lock of hair falling down over his forehead. He looked exactly like the pictures of Napoleon at Fontainbleu, all but the cosack. "Crapsey," I said, "how do you get out of this place?" My friend looked at me for a moment with a clerical frown, and whispered, "Silence is the law of this retreat!" "Yes," I replied, "but it wouldn't hurt you any more to tell me how to get out of this place than it would to repeat the self-same remark you have already made." Thereupon this Napoleonic figure pointed in a dramatic manner to a side door, and folding his arms resumed his peripatetic musings on the long cathedral aisle.

On getting out into the world again I confess I felt like the Monk Philammon, in *The Baid of Egypt*, as de-

scribed by Charles Kingsley in his story "Hypatia." I tried to buy a paper, but the man who kept the paper stand was deaf, and could not hear me. Then I boarded an electric car, and sat on the front seat, where I began a cheerful conversation with the motorman, just for the pleasure of hearing my own voice once more. But the conductor was after me in an instant. "You must not talk to the motorman," he said. So, foiled at every attempt at conversation, I gave it up, and returned like a deaf mute to St. Agnes' school, to finish the retreat without ever a chance to enjoy the luxury of hearing myself talk. And I went home a better and a wiser man for being still for four days and nights, and listening to the voice of a stronger, holier man, who, through the kindness of Bishop Doane, had brought to us a message from the living God.

CHAPTER XI

ANOTHER ROLLO IN BOSTON FIFTY YEARS AGO

THE first view of Boston was had from the windows of the old Winthrop house, on the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets. There was some anniversary on hand, and a committee of clergymen went on to interview the great Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, then the rector of St. Paul's church, Boston, to see whether he would consent to become a candidate for the coming election of Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania.

My father, if I remember rightly, was chairman of the committee, and I was taken along as a sort of specimen plate of the Evangelical party's success among the youth of the church. I can think of no other reason why I was taken, unless it was that I was a sort of cross between a mascot and an *enfant terrible*. I remember it was some time about the Fall of 1856 or 1857, and we went by Sound steamer from New York to Stonington, and the steamboat's name was "C. Vanderbilt."

As I looked out upon the Boston common from the windows of the old Winthrop house, my mind reverted not only to the schoolboys in their interview with the British General Gage at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, when they demanded their rights to sled on the snow-paths there, but also to the spot where Marco Paul brought his apples and nuts of the old Italian fruit woman, as described by that prince of writers to children, Jacob Abbot, in his "Marco Paul in Boston."

The committee went to visit Dr. Vinton at his residence on Temple place, and we were taken by him to see the

spacious St. Paul's church. I remember we went through a sort of closed-up alley place, which afterwards became very familiar ground when the little boy in the party had become the doctor's successor, just twenty years later. The doctor was very kind to the little boy, and patted him on the head, as others had done on their clerical visitations before him. It seemed to this youthful visitor even then that he was standing in the presence of a great leader of men, and that wonderful voice, so deep and resonant, seemed to emerge from some hidden, mysterious, subterranean depths. Then we went back to the doctor's study, where we had a long morning's interview about the coming election, at which the Rev. Dr. Samuel Bowman was eventually chosen.

The doctor, if I remember rightly, was not averse to being Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, but dreaded the contest in the arena, and showed the truthfulness of the old motto, "*Palma non sine pulvere.*" I can see him now sitting back in his large study chair, smoking a long Dutch pipe, which was relighted at intervals by his faithful and devoted wife. I noticed that Mrs. Vinton kept a series or relay of pipes in readiness for her husband; for when he stopped smoking, he seemed to feel compelled to stop talking, and on this occasion it was necessary for him that he should talk to this committee.

Years afterward, when Phillips Brooks was building the new Trinity church, and some of us were living on the outskirts of Boston, it was one of the great delights of the week to steal into Dr. Vinton's study at 77 Marlborough street late on a Sunday evening and get him started upon some special line of talk, and then listen by the hour to the wonderful conversation of this American Coleridge. Sometimes he would not talk, and we would be compelled to go home supperless, as it were, and disappointed. At other times we would stimulate his con-

versational powers upon various subjects, and then, at the right moment, like a trained and expert switchman, one of us would turn the switch and move the train upon other and more congenial lines of thought. I remember one evening, when Brooks and some half dozen of us were present, somewhere in the seventies, when Dr. Vinton was rector of Emmanuel church, that I started the talk about some new kind of German food for calves, an account of which had appeared in the "Contemporary Review." The doctor was then very proud of his farm at Pomfret, and remarked, "Now *this is* interesting." And when he had once got started about the relationship of nutrition to milk, he was skilfully shunted off by Brooks, and ended the evening by a masterly talk about the comparatively quality of the writings of Paul and Plato.

But it was in his home in Temple place, surrounded by his wife and family, in that great study, that I met him for the first time, and wondered at this man who seemed in some way so immeasurably great. After the committee had left Dr. Vinton's residence with the comforting assurance locked up in their minds that he would be willing to become a candidate for the coming election, the party visited the sights of Boston—the State house, Faneuil hall, Long wharf, Old Christ church, then in charge of the Rev. Dr. Henry Burroughs, and went to the office of that old-fashioned church paper, "The Christian Witness," which was published in those days by that well known layman. Mr. Thomas B. Dow. Then we went to Waltham to see the Rev. Thomas B. Fales, an old schoolmate of my father, at Dr. Clemon's school at Wilmington, Delaware. We rode in a slow-going, comfortable old omnibus to Cambridge, and visited Harvard college and Mount Auburn. After this we turned our faces westward, and started from the State house, at the head of Beacon street, on the top

of an old omnibus, for Longwood and Brookline and the Chestnut Hill reservoir. As we drove out over Beacon street and along by the mill-dam our omnibus driver, pointing his whip in that direction in true London omnibus style, told his clerical visitors that the city was about to build out a series of new avenues, notably one to be called "Commonwealth avenue" and that an entirely new city was soon to be built in the region known as the mill-dam. In those days everyone supposed that the South End, leading over to South Boston, would be the court end of Boston.

But like the determination of Peter the Great, in his little hut on the Neva, whose window, he said, kept looking out towards Europe, to build a new capital for Russia on the flats and marshes, the social smart set of Boston resolved to create a court end out of a marsh; and so the fens were drained and the mill-dam was closed and the Charles river was dyked off and walled up, and from Arlington street to Longwood a new creation was called into being.

I remember as we drove on the top of this omnibus that the beautiful English residence of a certain Mr. Amos A. Lawrence was pointed out to us at Longwood, and we stopped to call on the Rev. Dr. Stone at his residence opposite the beautiful Church of St. Paul, Brookline, little dreaming then that this place, fifteen years later, would become my home, and that the family at Longwood would become such dear friends. Dr. Stone, who was formerly rector of St. Paul's Boston, and left Brookline to become a professor in the new Episcopal Divinity school at Cambridge, was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He too received us courteously, and rejoiced in the consent which had been wrung from Dr. Vinton to become a candidate for the vacant episcopate in Pennsylvania, and then took us over the beautiful church at Brookline, which was

at that time supposed to be the crowning glory of ecclesiastical architecture as set forth to the world by the genius of Richard Upjohn.

Before leaving Boston we called to pay our respects to Bishop Eastburn at his residence on Tremont street. We found the bishop getting ready for his daily ride on horseback, so we came by appointment the next day, if I remember rightly, to lunch. Bishop Eastburn was a notable character of this epoch, and had many striking physical and mental peculiarities. The first thing I noticed about him as a child was his peculiar grasshopper-like walk. He lifted up and put down his feet after the manner of this extraordinary insect, and at times he walked like a flamingo or a stork or some wading bird. Then in his gaiters and riding cap he looked precisely like an English jockey; but with it all there was a marked air of dignity about everything he did. He told us of his trials in Boston; how the Ritualists and Broad churchmen, like the cankerworm and the palmerworm, were destroying his diocese. Only the Sunday before he had refused to enter the chancel of a ritualistic church until the rector had taken off the flowers from the altar! Flowers on the altar, as if it were the shrine of a Madonna! And it was not an altar. It was only a table; but as it was built of stone, it was difficult to trace any resemblance to a table. Bishop Eastburn at this time was rector of Trinity church, and his sermons were remembered by the character of the rhetoric in which he indulged. Years afterwards, I remembered a certain sentence in a sermon upon Dives and Lazarus, which illustrates that type of sermon writing. The sermon in question was upon the text "Send Lazarus, that he may dip his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." The bishop paraphrased it as follows: "To this natural but under the circumstances totally inadmissible plea the

father of the faithful replied with a firm and decided negative."

When preaching, Bishop Eastburn had a peculiar habit of breathing in air like an organ bellows, and sometimes the whistling of these air pipes could be heard by the occupants of the pews near the pulpit. The story is told of a little girl in Old Trinity church, who, becoming restless during the preaching of the bishop, asked her mother to let her go home. The mother refused to let the child go, on the hypothesis that the bishop was approaching the conclusion of his discourse. After the third refusal on the part of the mother, whispering as she did that the bishop would not like to see a little girl go out of church while he was preaching, and that he was almost through now, the child whispered back in a high falsetto key: "No, mother; he is not going to stop. I thought so now for three times, but he has gone and blowed himself up again."

The Trinity church over which Bishop Eastburn presided was filled with respectable Bostonians of the most irreproachable type. These worshippers had objected to the tone in which Bishop Eastburn had rendered the expression, "Miserable sinners," in the Litany. Dr. Gardiner, the predecessor of Bishop Eastburn, had assured his parishioners that this expression was a purely conventional one. But Bishop Eastburn, in his own honest-hearted way, had made it, by his tones, too realistic for the fashionable worshippers of Beacon street.

This Dr. Gardiner, of Trinity church, was the rector about whom a certain story concerning Dr. Stephen H. Tyng is told, as illustrating the church life of those days. It seems it was the custom at that period for people who had Madeira wine to send it around the world on a long voyage of three years in one of the ships of these Boston East Indian merchantmen, that it might be

churned up and tossed about in the vessel's hold, thus to improve the quality of the wine. Dr. Gardiner, having had a cask of Madeira presented to him by a rich parishioner, subjected it to this churning process, and the barrel of wine went around the world for three years in the vessel's hold. At last, when the ship came into dock, the cask of wine was raised up on a tackling of ropes and pulleys from the hold, when suddenly the young clerk who was superintending the work, called to a sailor to unloose a block, which the sailor failed to do. Angered at the sailor's stupidity, the clerk kicked the cask, which fell down into the vessel's hold and was dashed into a thousand pieces. Some months later this same clerk, in great distress over his sins, went to see the Rev. Dr. Gardiner to talk to him about his soul. The doctor, having a suspicion who the clerk was, suggested that he had better ride on horseback to get rid of his dyspepsia, and the young clerk went back to his lonely room to pray and struggle in secret, and was comforted not a little by the words of his old colored washerwoman, who went to see Dr. Gardiner, exclaiming: "Bress de Lord, Dr. Gardiner, Massa Stephen, he's got conversion for his sins. Bress de Lord, Massa Stephen, he's converted!" Such is the story as told me by one who knew of these old days at Trinity church, Boston, and the conversion of the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng.

I know of no more humble, desolate and pathetic figure in our American church life than that of the late Manton Eastburn, the Bishop of Massachusetts. His life was sad and lonely, his mental outlook was gloomy and depressing, and his position with reference to the future life of the church was most picturesque and saint-like. He really believed, like the old general at Waterloo, that the faith which our Lord came to establish upon this earth would die out utterly with the extinction of the

Evangelical party. He was very kind, however, to the little boy on his visit, and showed him some picture books of dogs and horses, which was more than the others had done.

Fifteen years later this little boy called again at the bishop's. "Are you the young man whom I was to see about going to Harvard?" inquired the bishop. "No, sir," was the reply. "I am the new rector of St. Paul's, Brookline. I have come with my letters from Bishop Stephens."

"You the rector for Brookline?" said the bishop. "I thought with your blue flannel suit you were a yachtman. You should take to clerical clothes, sir; it is a good old English custom, and saves one from being taken for a 'commercial.'"

And then, on the strength of the Evangelicism of Richard Newton, the bishop became my warm and devoted friend. He used frequently to ride out on horseback to my home at Brookline before breakfast, where he would tell very funny stories about English cabbies and horses. And before I knew it he was telling his troubles and his confidences upon the hypothesis that I, too, was an Evangelical like himself.

Tolstoi has a touching short story about a teamster who tried all one day to tell his friends going to and from Moscow about his trials, and especially about the death of his wife. But as soon as he began his story his companions would run away, and so at last the old carter was found pouring out his tale of woe into the ears of his old white horse as he was eating his oats in the stable.

I sometimes hate myself and loathe myself as I think of my duplicity in those days of Bishop Eastburn's confidential friendship. He groaned over the theology of Brooks and Percy Browne and over the practices of the Church of the Advent. But before I knew it or had

time to explain it I discovered that I was a comfort to the dear, broken-hearted old man, and I hadn't the strength to pull myself together and drag myself out of the hole and add one more burden to the load which he was carrying on his episcopal shoulders. So I made the dear old soul happy by keeping my mouth shut and being a good listener. And I am not sure but that after all it was angel's work.

CHAPTER XII

BOSTON IN THE SEVENTIES. THE RECTORS OF EMMANUEL CHURCH

I REMEMBER in the early seventies that Ralph Waldo Emerson was lecturing at the Mechanics hall in Boston, and giving what he called his conferences to delighted and devoted listeners. But he was even then beginning to fail, and his daughter would place before him upon the desk the sheets of paper from which he read his lectures, very much as a printer feeds his press by placing on its open bosom the clean white paper which is to receive the print of the type. Mr. Emerson would stand at his desk and read off the manuscript which his devoted daughter placed before him. But there was a far away look and manner which plainly showed that the mind of the sage was wandering and was absent at times from the subject before him. Mr. Emerson's face at this period was sweet and calm and full of a reserve sense of wisdom, but everyone could see that the Concord sage and prophet was not plumb with his past record, and was scarcely during these later days in tune with the Infinite, or the master of men he was when he wrote his immortal essays. But the audience in front of him, composed principally of long-haired men and short-haired women, admired and applauded the crisp, sparkling sentences as in the days of old, and the men took copious notes and the women knitted vigorously and nodded their heads when the lecturer made a point. So that the refrain of the courtiers of Persia was heard again in the hall where Emerson lectured, "King Darius, live forever!"

These conferences in 1871 were among the last which the sage of Concord gave to his friends and followers in Boston. After this period he retired to his home at Concord and was seldom seen in public life again.

It was in the year 1870 that I first became acquainted with the poet Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a friendship which had a stormy beginning, though it ended with a calm and beautiful aftermath. It is difficult to realize that the tumultuous Dr. Holmes whom I first heard in 1870 could ever grow into the calm and devout being who attended upon the ministry of Phillips Brooks at Trinity church, and who wrote that exquisite hymn now found in the Episcopal Hymnal:

“O! Love divine that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earthborn care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near!”

It was in July, 1870, that I came to be rector of St. Paul's church, Brookline. During this month of July, upon a certain evening, I was the guest at dinner of Hon. and Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, at their beautiful home in Brookline. Among the guests who were present upon this occasion was Dr. Holmes, and together we drove to the Brookline railroad station about ten o'clock in the evening. As soon as we had started from the Winthrop mansion Dr. Holmes opened his battery upon me in the following words:

“So you are the young gentleman who has been invited to take charge of the spiritual interests of the Brookline parish?” To which I replied in the affirmative. “Well, young man,” continued Dr. Holmes, “I suppose you feel that you know it all, and that you are perfectly competent after three years at a divinity school to explain in

a succinct and definite manner all the mysteries of the universe. But let me assure you, my young friend, that the Lord God Almighty is a very different person from the tailor-made article prepared by those theological professors." Thereupon followed the most brilliant, witty, caustic tirade against conventional Christianity I ever heard. The air of the carriage was perfectly blue with this Titanic and Mephistophelean outburst, and I thought the the carriage windows would surely break into pieces and that Satan himself would be found sitting upon the opposite seat. This sulphurous outburst lasted until we reached the Brookline station, when, upon alighting, he remarked: "You're a curious chap; I've been treading on your professional toes ever since we left the Winthrops and you have never said a word." To which I replied: "I have nothing to say, Dr. Holmes, and if I had I have too great a regard for your poetry ever to presume to answer you." Whereupon the poet, throwing his arms around my neck, exclaimed:

"You are a dear, good fellow; let us be friends henceforward for life; forgive me, but when I see a young curate like you I can no more help opening up on him than a boy can help throwing a stone at a dog in the street." And we parted as the train came along and took him into Boston. Years afterwards our friendship increased and many were the lovely letters received from him. I think the very last letter he ever wrote, a few weeks before his death, was about Pittsfield and Lake Onota and Graylock, and his love for the Berkshire Hills.

I remember upon one occasion meeting him in a Tremont street car, when he told me that he was going to a dinner at the Parker house, and he had a baby poem in his pocket which had just been born. It was the dinner, I believe, that was given to a delegation of merchants from St. Louis, when Dr. Holmes amused the guests by

his witty remark with reference to the champagne which was stored aloft in the attic of the Parker House, as he addressed the chairman of the visiting committee by remarking: "Let me say to you, my dear sir, as the chaplain said to Louis XVI. upon the scaffold, 'Son of St. Louis, Montez en haut.'"

Brookline in the seventies was a cluster of beautiful homes, and the people of the town were well known for their character and position. Hon. and Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, Henry Upham, Thomas Parsons, William Aspinwall, James S. Amory, Amos A. Lawrence, Augustus Lowell, Henry A. Sargent, James M. Codman, Henry S. Chase, Mortimer C. Ferris and others gave a tone and character to the town which made it a most attractive place in which to live. J. Eliot Cabot was the Nestor of school work; St. Paul's church, with its beautiful architecture, the early work of Richard Upjohn, was the first of the many new church buildings which afterwards became so well known in Boston; the new town hall with its Venetian character, and the Congregational church on Harvard street, all alike helped to make the town of Brookline a remarkably interesting place. An omnibus ran every hour over the mill-dam, along Beacon street from the State house to Coolidge's corner: and the Sears chapel and the new Episcopal church at Longwood were noticeable objects of interest as one passed them on the left-hand side of the Beacon street drive to Brookline.

I cannot but think that the Boston of those days, with its beautiful suburbs, was more interesting because more representative and individualistic than the overgrown metropolitan Boston of today.

Among well known leaders of religious thought in Boston at this period were Dr. Cyrus Bartol with his sybil-line manner of speech, Dr. Gannett, Dr. Ware, Dr.

Lothrop, Dr. Rufus Ellis, Dr. George Ellis, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Peabody at Cambridge, Dr. Foote at King's chapel, and Dr. James Freeman Clark at the Church of the Disciples. When the Congress of Churches held its first meeting at Hartford, Conn., in the spring of 1885, I was secretary of the congress. There was no little stir among the orthodox Congregationalists because certain Unitarian clergymen were invited to take part, the feeling then being that none but so-called evangelicals and orthodox should be allowed upon the platform.

But James Freeman Clarke won everybody to his side by the noble and generous character of his address, so that Rev. Dr. Burton, a well known Congregationalist divine of Hartford, remarked at the conclusion of this address:

"Nothing finer with reference to the Christ of history could possibly have been written, and for my part I cannot dissent from a single statement of it."

I remember upon one occasion when staying with Phillips Brooks that I went to Dr. Clarke's church, since Dr. Brooks was not to preach upon this special occasion. As I left Trinity rectory, Dr. Brooks said to me:

"Give my love to Freeman Clarke and tell him for me how I wish I, too, could go to hear him preach."

Dr. Clarke spied me in the congregation, and beckoned to me to come up to the platform, which honor I declined.

After the service was over, coming down into the aisle, he said: "What on earth has brought you today to hear me preach?" To which I replied, "Dr. Clarke, a poor sewing girl in my parish once told me that she was kept from falling and was saved from sin during an entire winter spent in Boston by going to the Church of the Disciples to hear Rev. James Freeman Clarke pray. I

did not come to your church today to hear you preach. I came on purpose to hear you pray, and to join my petitions with yours." Whereupon he grasped my wrists with both hands and great tears came into his eyes.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Miss Elizabeth Peabody were well known in those days for their religious philanthropic works, and the many anniversaries and conferences generally held in the church on Ashburton place, on the summit of Beacon hill, were still a power and a source of undoubted inspiration.

In the year 1877 that remarkable phenomenon, the Rev. Joseph Cook, was lecturing every Monday morning at Tremont temple to three thousand persons, and it used to be affirmed that the average New England deacon after those meetings was wont to declare, "Thank God there is a God; Joseph Cook has proved it today."

Joseph Cook was the last of the school men in New England, and was the lineal descendant upon larger, broader lines of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. His addresses were phenomenal, and were instrumental in the exercise of his undoubted intellectual powers. He was the last of the great debaters upon the platform of whom Dr. Chapin, Bishop Clarke, Henry Ward Beecher and George William Curtis were brilliant representatives. There was something strangely Jovian and Titanic about Joseph Cook, and when he would shake his head and frown and bite off his words he seemed like the ogre of our nursery literature. He was a sort of intellectual Edwin Forrest upon the platform, and anyone who had seen the great actor in his role of Spartacus or Coriolanus or Metamora could not fail to notice the resemblance between the two. He did a great and noble work in an epoch of transition, and gave back to many a doubting, fearing soul the faith of his childhood's hours, and of his father's days once more. And so I say all honor to

the memory of Joseph Cook for the great and helpful work which he accomplished.

In the Boston of forty years ago there were some very interesting literary clubs, which used to meet weekly and fortnightly. The Wednesday club and the Thursday club were well known literary organizations. The St. Botolph Club was an institution of later day origin. Many of the clergymen of this period attended these clubs regularly, but those of us who were members of the St. Botolph club were hauled up quite unceremoniously by the Women's Temperance society where it was discovered that there was an abundance of wine stored away in the cellar. I remember that the well known Universalist minister and Prohibition lecturer, Dr. Alonzo A. Miner, led the attack upon the St. Botolph club, and in the words of the poet Southey, we clerical members of the club could sing with old Caspar in the poem of the battle of Blendheim:

"My father lived at Blenheim then—

Yon little tower hard by—

They burned his cottage to the ground

And he was forced to fly."

There was also in the Boston of forty years ago certain well-marked, well-defined literary localities of business activity. Little & Brown's store upon Washington street; Houghton & Mifflin's on Park street, and the Old Corner Bookstore at Tremont and School streets, formerly known as Ticknor & Field's and afterwards bearing the name of A. Williams & Company, were in those days well known and well established places of literary activity and literary commerce.

Mr. James T. Fields, with his winning manners and his charming conversation, might frequently be found in the

Old Corner Bookstore, where he acted as a sort of literary interpreter between the author with a manuscript and the publisher with a bank account. In those days he was lecturing all over New England about authors and their works in English literature, and was always full of repartee and incident, giving forth bright bits of his experience as an author and a lecturer.

I remember a story of his about an old farmer with whom he stayed in Vermont. After listening to the evening's lecture, as they walked home, the farmer asked:

"How long would it take to learn your business?"

"Oh," replied the lecturer, "that is difficult to tell. Why do you ask?"

"Because," replied the old man, "here is my son John: he is busy looking for a trade. I have put him on the farm, and I've sent him to sea, and I've had him down in Boston at a commercial college, and it ain't no use, no how. But when I heard you a lecturin' to-night, I said to myself: That's a good, decent, honest kind of livin'. Like enough John would do well at the lecturin' business."

Another story I remember was Mr. Fields's experience when lecturing before a young ladies' seminary. The lady principal, being somewhat embarrassed, remarked:

"Now, young ladies, give Mr. Fields your closest attention while he delivers his lecture to you this evening upon 'Sheets and Kelley'" (i. e., Keats and Shelley).

One of the most interesting characters of this period in Boston was the late Hon. Peter Harvey. He was my dearest friend and brought me from Trinity church, Newark, to be the rector of St. Paul's church, Boston, in 1877. His lifelong friendship and devotion to Daniel Webster was one of the most touching and beautiful romances of our New England life. Everything which Emerson has ever written in his wonderful essay upon

friendship was realized in the ideal relationship of Peter Harvey to Daniel Webster. This friendship ran back to the very beginnings of Mr. Webster's career as a political leader, and was a veritable Damon and Pythias affair. Mr. Webster was in continual need of money for his various political schemes and plans, and Mr. Harvey did the toilsome and difficult work of procuring the necessary funds for the carrying out of Mr. Webster's plans. Boswell was not more true to Dr. Johnson, or Jonathan to David than was Peter Harvey to Daniel Webster, and the loyalty of the Scotch blood in Peter Harvey was that same wonderful loyalty which Sir Walter Scott has described in his novels where the clansman follows his chief to death.

When I first knew Mr. Harvey he was living with his wife at the Parker house, and he showed me a trunk full of manuscripts and papers and incidents connected with the political career of Mr. Webster, which he was hoping some day to publish. Within a few months of the time when I came to Boston to take charge of St. Paul's church, Mr. Harvey began to fail, and it was evident that the hand of death was upon him. This was in April, 1877. I watched by his bedside and attended him during those hours of illness as if I had been his son. I remember one evening in April when he thought that he was dying, he said to me, "Promise me that you will not leave the Parker house until it is all over with me." So I stayed for six weeks by his bedside, until his death, in June, 1877. During these days as I was watching by his dying bed he entrusted to me this precious trunk full of papers which he had collected for his life of Daniel Webster. I wrote the preface of the book for him, "Recollections of Daniel Webster," and took his dying hand in mine and signed his name at the end of the introduction—"Peter Harvey." Then I handed over the trunk with

all its precious material to Mr. George M. Towle, who prepared the book for publication. Such is the story of Peter Harvey's reminiscences of Daniel Webster, a book which is quite as truly a memorial of Peter Harvey as it is of Peter Harvey's illustrious friend. Only after reading the book one is at a loss which to admire the most, the career of the great statesman or the character of the devoted friend. The funeral of Peter Harvey from St. Paul's, Boston, was a memorable affair, service, music, occasion, memories, all uniting to make it a marked event. And for years after this, the memory of the friendship of this great and good man was a constant inspiration to me in my work in Boston so that with the apostle Paul I could say "I thank God upon every remembrance of you."

(1) THE REV. DR. HUNTINGTON

The building of Emmanuel church, and the call to its rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Huntington from Harvard university, was the beginning of a new epoch in the religious life of Boston.

There was a remarkable group of men who were instrumental in the building of Emmanuel church. Mr. Reed, Mr. E. R. Mudge, Mr. C. O. Whittemore, Dr. Wm. Lawrence, Mr. Edward A. Rand, and others, were men of great weight and character in the community and stamped this new movement with their own individuality of life and power. Never shall I forget as a college boy when visiting my friend, Arthur Lawrence, the impression the family of Dr. Wm. Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence made upon me in the year 1866. Mrs. Lawrence in some way seemed to remind me of the Countess of Huntington and her religious movement, and I can never forget her animation and enthusiasm over the erection of Emmanuel church, and the coming of Dr. Huntington from Cam-

bridge to be its first rector. There was a special need at this time for just the type of church life represented by Emmanuel. Old Trinity church on Summer street suited the conventional churchmanship of the parish in Boston, and the Church of the Advent, with Rev. Dr. Bolles as its rector, ministered to those who craved an advanced form of ritual and worship.

But a new Boston was being slowly but surely developed out of the fair region of the Back Bay, and along with the creation of this new city there was felt the need of a new type of church life which was not as extreme as the Church of the Advent, and yet made the church life and the beauty of the Christian year more emphatic than was possible at Trinity church under the ministry of Bishop Eastburn. And in this way Emmanuel church with its newly elected rector from Harvard college stood for a meeting of the hour and the man and the place—and the new church and the new minister began their work together.

The coming of the Rev. Dr. Huntington into the Episcopal church at this period was a most interesting event in the history of the church in Boston. It emphasized in a most emphatic way the great importance of the church idea, and was to New England Puritan religious life very much what the secession of John Henry Newman was to the church life at Oxford. New England Congregationalism and especially the Unitarianism which had become strangely disintegrated after the remarkable career of Ralph Waldo Emerson, looked on in amazement at this step, and the church in New England became a positive and aggressive power from the day that Dr. Huntington resigned his professorship at Harvard and became the rector of Emmanuel church. There was something about Dr. Huntington's face and voice and carriage which was peculiar and unique. As I was cross-

ing the quadrangle one day on a visit to Oxford a clergyman in black gown and Oxford hat passed along in the same path. The face was very familiar; it was the same cameo face as Dr. Huntington; and for a moment I thought it was the rector of Emmanuel church on a visit to Oxford. "Who is this clergyman?" I inquired of my friend, an Oxford student who was walking by my side. "Oh, that is the doctor," was the reply. "The doctor," I said, "which doctor?" "There is only one doctor at Oxford," answered my companion, "and that is Dr. Pusey."

It soon became very evident that there was a special call for the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Huntington in Boston at this period. Phillips Brooks did not come to Boston until ten years later. The life of Trinity church was strangely inoperative and ineffectual. Bishop Eastburn was a desolate and solitary figure at this period, preaching a gospel of evangelicalism which was inadequate to the mental and spiritual necessities of the hour. Every movement that had any life or tendency in it was promptly rejected and frowned upon as impossible. "*Noli me tangere*" was the motto of Bishop Eastburn at Trinity church, while at St. Paul's the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, who afterwards became a bishop in the Reformed Episcopal church, was preaching long dogmatic discourses based upon the strongest possible tenets of Calvinism. The only diversion to those pulpit ministrations at St. Paul's was a weekly Bible class studying the Epistles of the New Testament, all thought of the church year and the extra services of prayer books for Saints' days being considered as a sop to the watching Cerberus of the Roman Catholic church.

It is little wonder then that the new Emmanuel church with its radical departure and its newly chosen rector, fresh from the learning of the department of moral and

intellectual philosophy of Harvard college, should forge ahead in church life like a yacht which had set its sails to catch the surely coming wind, while Trinity was anchored and St. Paul's was becalmed. It is not too much to say that in Boston this was an event of the first magnitude.

I remember distinctly one cold Sunday in February, 1866, when I was still a student at the Philadelphia Divinity school, crossing over the Common and the Public gardens, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero, to visit Emmanuel church and to listen to the preaching of its rector. I left the equestrian statue of Washington and the Good Samaritan shaft to the memory of the discoverer of ether to perish in the snow, while I entered the church and thawed out by a radiator during the litany. "You look cold, sir," whispered the genial Mr. Haines, the sexton. "You had better come over here, sir, and warm yourself like Simon Peter." To which, if I remember rightly, I replied in a whisper, "that though I might be as cold as Simon Peter, I had never, like him, denied my Master," at which the sexton procured me a camp stool and I sat and listened to the lovely voice with a perpetual tear in it which marked the personality of Dr. Huntington. And I remember the sermon to this day. It was about casting in our lot with the people of God, and he ended it with a quotation from St. Bernard about how one should be glad to have the opportunity of choosing between the world and Jesus Christ. It was all very strong and helpful and beautiful. There was a Gothic touch about it, it savored of the English cathedral service and sermon. The voice was exquisite and full of the most pathetic resonances, as if it was revealing the struggle which had been made by the severing of the old ties at Cambridge and the taking up of the new ones, and as a student for the ministry, I felt that I was listen-

ing to one who with a marked past, was sure to claim a positive and brilliant future.

Years afterwards, when I was rector of St. Stephen's church at Pittsfield, I had many visits from Bishop Huntington of central New York. He used to come frequently to the rectory, for he loved a little oratory there, and he would say, "Come, my brother, let us go into the oratory." I parted from him once at the oratory door and he has gone now and we shall never see that wonderful face on earth again.

When Dr. Vinton came to Boston the second time, to be the rector of Emmanuel church, he came with the memory and the recollection of the great work which he had done years before at St. Paul's church. That was the great ministry of Dr. Vinton's life. His work at Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, and at St. Mark's church, New York, were as nothing compared with his great ministry in Boston when he was the rector of St. Paul's church. So in coming back again to Boston he had to contend both with the past record of his work at St. Paul's and with his older years of Christian service. The old *elan* or spirit was gone and the details of parish life, which before were of little account, now proved to be a serious and heavy burden for him to bear. The doctor loved ease and his long pipe and his coterie of admiring and enraptured friends. He loved to gather those friends about him and discourse to them after the manner of Coleridge with his companions in the "Table Talk Memoirs."

The doctor's family at this time was an interesting one—and they acted as a sort of Greek chorus to his talk. Young Alexander kept his father's pipes lighted; Miss Eleanor Vinton furnished dates and names and missing items, while Mrs. Randolph Clarke and her two daughters, with Mrs. Vinton in the rear, formed a circle of ad-

ming listeners. These Sunday evening gatherings were filled with the deepest interest, and all who attended them felt the honor and the greatness of Dr. Vinton's immense personality.

Dr. Vinton at this period brought with him to Boston the rich and ripened experience of his ministry at St. Paul's, at St. Mark's, New York, and at the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. He enjoyed the rich retrospect of life, and was glad always to go over in review the salient lessons of the past.

Dr. Vinton had about him a most interesting coterie of church workers, who had been well trained to Christian service by the careful supervision of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. B. F. Read, Mr. C. O. Whittemore, Mr. E. R. Mudge, Mr. John Hogg, and others. These laymen did not show the same type of churchmanship which the doctor had known at St. Paul's, and they were a little more interested in church matters than in the so-called spiritual life of the nation. They were all good and social men in church life and carried an air of great respectability and decorum into everything they undertook. But there was a lack of harmony between the standard of these very respectable parishioners and the standard of the rector, which contrariety showed itself at the election of a bishop to take Bishop Eastburn's place, when the lay delegation from Emmanuel church voted for Dr. Haight, as against their own rector.

This opposition on the part of his own parish deeply affected the doctor, and was the first step in his subsequent determination to resign the rectorship of the church. During these days the doctor repeated at Emmanuel church his lifetime practise of having a Bible class for the study of the Word of God, which was always a favorite plan of his. Of course, Dr. Vinton at Emmanuel church had his own loyal following, many of his old

parishioners from St. Paul's church coming to the ministration of their old pastor. The doctor continued for a number of years his pastorate at Emmanuel church, though it was flagging work upon his part, and it became evident that his heart was at his quiet home in Pomfret, with its rural and agricultural delights. So it came to pass that in the spring of 1879 he resigned the rectorship of Emmanuel church, and retired to Pomfret, there to spend the evening of his days in a quiet and dignified retirement, enjoying himself in the pleasing activities of his farm life there.

Dr. Vinton's ministry at Emmanuel church was one of dignified devotion. His sermons retained their old-time flavor of eloquence and emotion. The same seriousness of purpose and manner marked every utterance from the pulpit and it was evident at every turn that the doctor was still the same great pulpit power that he had always been. It was interesting to see how he was perfectly content to take a second place in the pulpit power of Boston, and to rejoice in the greater ministry of his young friend and former Sunday scholar, Phillips Brooks. This action on his part was all the more beautiful since Brooks was his own close follower and admirer, and it seemed to realize the truthfulness of John the Baptist's words with reference to our Lord, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

The doctor saw at this time that it was fitting for him to give place to a younger and fresher man, and thus quietly and with dignity, gathering about him the halo of his career as the great presbyter of the church, as Dr. Brooks described him in his memorial sermon, he quietly withdrew from Emmanuel church in the interest of his young friend from Geneva, the Rev. Leighton Parks, and thus the ministry of the third rector of Emmanuel church began.

Dr. Vinton was the great legislator and statesman of the church. He was always elected chairman of the House of Deputies at the General conventions of the church, and was looked upon as the most political and conservative mind in the councils at large.

There was a dignity and a graciousness of manner about Dr. Vinton which was always both commanding and inspiring. The tones of his voice were most interesting and attractive, and there was a deep rich burr about them which was always full of his personality and power. He was great in speech, and in thought and stands on the pages of American church history as one of its greatest living representatives. It was an honor for Emmanuel church to have him as its rector, and his name will stand as a noble one in the annals of our American church life.

(2) THE REV. DR. LEIGHTON PARKS

The ministry of the Rev. Leighton Parks at Emmanuel church, Boston, was phenomenal. For here was a youth like David of old, a brilliant mosaic gem of intellectual power beyond any of his companions coming from Geneva, Switzerland, to be the successor of the great Dr. Alexander H. Vinton. At once a friendship sprang up between Phillips Brooks and the youthful rector of Emmanuel church, which friendship showed itself most unmistakably in the monthly gathering of the clerical club. It soon became evident to the church in Boston and in Massachusetts that a new and commanding personality had appeared upon the religious field. On the platform of the Young Men's Christian Association and on the rostrum of the Young Men's Christian Union, the Rev. Leighton Parks was heard always with interest and attention. He soon dominated the religious life of Boston, and

his beautiful face and finely formed figure always attracted his hearers.

And in the councils and conventions of the Episcopal church he soon became an undoubted leader of great and commanding influence.

But it was in the creation of the present Emmanuel church that the administrative genius of the Rev. Leighton Parks showed itself most conspicuously. He organized the parish upon its present admirable basis and laid the foundations for its after development. He gathered around him by sheer force of his own charming personality a group of devoted and interested laymen and laywomen who infused new life and courage into the organized parochial energies of Emmanuel church, and made it over again, and fitted it for the activities of the present day, upon the lines of Dr. Huntington's administration of the parish. We were all friends and followers and devoted admirers of Phillips Brooks, and the meetings of the Clericus club, held at Trinity church rectory every month, furnished us each with our coveted opportunity of exploiting ourselves and our favorite views and our own special line of thought in the church life of the period. These were indeed happy days as we gathered around this great "Queen Bee" in the hive of Trinity rectory, and sat in the most enthusiastic service at the feet of our great leader, who never seemed in his own eyes to be a leader at all, but only a bigger boy among his lesser fellows.

And in this way Leighton Parks came by degrees to be the trusted friend and companion of Phillips Brooks in a manner which was worthy of the friendship of the immortals. They were always together, always loyal to each other, each esteeming the other better than himself.

Dr. Brooks rejoiced in Dr. Parks and gloried in his remarkable achievements, and was never tired of sound-

ing the praises of the preacher at Emmanuel as a sort of early Chatterton who, however, did not perish in his prime. And when Dr. Brooks was elected Bishop of Massachusetts, no one rejoiced thereat more than did the young rector of Emmanuel church, Boston, and no one of the clergy of Massachusetts was more enthusiastic over the coming episcopate than was Dr. Brooks's young friend who had spent all his energies in securing this greatly desired result.

"Only Luke is with me," wrote the Apostle Paul upon a certain occasion, and it seemed as if Phillips Brooks was always happy provided he could have near him the winning personality of Leighton Parks.

Such in its briefest outline is a pen sketch of the work and ministry of the Rev. Leighton Parks at Emmanuel church, Boston. Dr. Parks restored Emmanuel church to the Huntington basis of parochial administration, and brought with him the wider outlook of an optimistic pulpit. There was a tone of pessimism about the spoken utterances of Bishop Huntington. There was a flavor of evangelical dogmatism about the preaching of Dr. Vinton, but Dr. Parks inserted into his pulpit utterances the hopefulness and cheer and the broad outlook which characterized the spoken word at Trinity church.

And so for one I never think of this bright and helpful worker at Emmanuel church without seeing in my mind's eye that beautiful picture by John Bunyan of the youthful shepherd in the valley meadow tending the flock with a loving care, but ever with that song upon his lips, which is familiar to us in the worship of the sanctuary:

"And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never.
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.'"

CHAPTER XIII

THE MINISTRY OF PHILLIPS BROOKS IN BOSTON

THE mission of Phillips Brooks in Boston is one of the most memorable achievements of the Christian ministry in the history of the church. Augustine, Gregory, Savonarola, Luther, Wesley, Lacordaire, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Frederic W. Robertson, Canon Liddon, F. D. Maurice Chalmers, Schleiermacher, Bushnell and others whom we might name, have shown great power among the congregations and people over whom they have been placed. But for the lighting up of a flock, a city, a province, a nation, there has been nothing comparable to the ministry of Phillips Brooks in Boston.

At the present times this may seem to be an extravagant statement, on account of the eddies and by-currents which set back and drift athwart the streams and lead the way to new and unexpected channels. But none the less it is true that there is a river whose streams make glad the city of God, and on the broad bosom of that fast-flowing river Phillips Brooks was swept along like Lohengrin with his divine song—and the memory of the song and the singer never can be forgotten.

There are four marked periods of the ministry of Phillips Brooks in Boston.

First of all, there was the ministry at Old Trinity church. This period extended from 1869 to 1871. On the ground floor of the church there was a sprinkling of those "influential sinners who rent the highest pews." These were the people who objected to being called "miserable sinners" by the Rev. Dr. Gardiner and Bishop Eastburn,

though the latter stoutly maintained that this expression in the Litany was to be used in a thoroughly conventional and ecclesiastical sense. These were the parishioners who were accustomed to send their footmen to guard the doors of their pews until the family should arrive in the church. The story is told of a certain Beacon street lady, who, coming late to church on Sunday and discovering her pew in the possession of a group of workingmen, exclaimed in a choked and spluttering voice, "I occupew this pie!"

The ground floor of Old Trinity Church was never completely filled, but the galleries were thick with working men and women. I remember amusing Mr. Brooks by calling it a "penguin congregation"—that is, the base of the church was low and thin, but the upper portion, in the gallery, was wide and spread out, like the fins of the penguin as he stands upon the rocks.

I shall never forget an experience which I had when in an evil moment I consented to preach at Trinity Church on a Sunday morning during the rector's absence. I can hear the feet scuffling and the doors slamming now, as that great, disappointed gallery congregation shuffled its way out of the green baize doors and down the steps to the outside world on the street, until the empty and deserted galleries looked like a couple of bowling alleys. Then and there I made a special vow to myself, which vow was contained in a single line in Poe's poem: "Quoth the Raven—nevermore!"

When the question of moving the church came up for settlement there was great opposition on the part of certain of the pew-holders and parishioners of Trinity Church. The question was taken into court, and it seemed as if a long litigation was about to follow, when the great fire of 1871 came to the rescue of those who were planning the removal to the Back Bay region, and

Providence showed itself distinctly as on the side of those who had the heaviest artillery.

For a long time the old tower alone remained amid the ruins on Summer Street, as a token and souvenir of the old days of Trinity Church in the past, and it was a beautiful and picturesque survival. But the question of the removal of the church was now over, and, in the words of the text of Doctor McConnell's famous sermon, nature showed herself upon the side of Phillips Brooks, for "The Earth helped the woman!"

In those days Mr. Brooks lived at the Hotel Kempton, at Newbury and Boylston Streets, and we used to gather in his study at night at the meetings of our Boston Clericus Club. Here could be found Doctors Richards and Currie, of Providence; Dr. Rufus W. Clark, of Portsmouth; Percy Browne, C. C. Tiffany, A. V. G. Allen, Chas. H. Learoyd, R. H. Howe, Geo. A. Strong, Geo. A. Converse, Geo. F. Prescott, Treadwell Walden, Leighton Parks, Wm. R. Huntington, John Cotton Brooks, Arthur Lawrence, Leonard K. Storrs and others. Oh, those lovely days!—we can say, in the words of Tennyson, as we look back upon them:

"Strengthen me! Enlighten me,
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy breath of memory."

The second period of Phillips Brooks's ministry in Boston was his ministrations at the Technological Hall, on Boylston Street. This was the period of transition life at Old Trinity to the larger ministration at the new church. The parochial element in the church at this period became subordinated to the larger work of gathering in the people from all sides, out of which the new church was to be evolved. The old parishioner of the

Summer Street church was lost in the influx of people who poured in early at each service and took all the available seats in the hall. This outside constituency was looked upon askance by the regular worshippers at Trinity church, and these early birds, who took the best seats at every service, were called by the "regulars" "the strangers within the gates." During these days at the Technological hall it became distinctly evident that the character of Brooks's sermons was like the experience in Shakespeare's "Tempest," where Ariel speaks of one drowned, who

"Suffers a sea change
Into something rich and strange!"

The old and vivid description from the imagination ceased. The appeal from the pulpit was no longer to the reasoning faculty or to sentiment or the love of the beautiful and the cultured. From beginning to end it was one masterly appeal to the human will. The written sermon was thrown aside, and the extemporaneous efforts shaped themselves into a strong, impassioned hypnotic exercise of his will-power upon his hearers.

Dr. Vinton was at this period the rector of Emmanuel church, and looked on in admiring wonder at the marvellous accomplishment of his once youthful protege. The Doctor's home at this period was at No. 77 Marlborough street, and it was here on many a Sunday evening that we gathered after the services of the day were over to listen to the wonderful conversation of this most remarkable man. I have described elsewhere these Sunday evening gatherings with the brilliant talker, the great study gown and the long pipe. At times it was like Schleiermacher; at times it was the most charming conversation. And we who were young and were begin-

ning our ministry looked on in wonder, and marvelled that God had given such power unto men.

After the death of Bishop Eastburn, in 1873, when the question of the election of his successor came up, we all turned to Doctor Vinton as the logical man of the hour. He was nominated at a convention held in St. Paul's church, at which he himself presided. But there was opposition on the part of the laity, and of the laity from Emmanuel church; and it hurt the spirit of the great presbyter to be withstood by the delegation from his own church, and so the election went to the Rev. Dr. Haight, of Trinity church, New York City. Doctor Vinton's bearing in presiding at a convention which had rejected him was magnificent. I remember with what a warmth of manner and in what eloquent tones he congratulated the Diocese upon its choice, and by his superb and magnanimous behavior made the little group of obstructionists who opposed him feel extremely small.

I remember saying, as we went home to the Hotel Kempton with Brooks, "This is the return of the Bourbons"; to which he replied, "Yes, but was anything ever grander than the Doctor's bearing in the face of the opposition from his own parish?"

Subsequently, after Doctor Haight's declination he refused to allow his name to be used for the nomination. I shall never forget how, one stormy, blustering day in March, I met the Doctor on Washington street, when he took me inside the doorway of Jordan & Marsh's store and said to me: "Don't let them nominate me again. I cannot serve. It is very plain that the Lord never means for me to be a bishop." And so the honor was postponed a generation until the nephew took the uncle's place, and has done a work in Western Massachusetts worthy both of himself and of his great and illustrious namesake.

At the election of Bishop Paddock, in May, 1873, when

Doctor DeKoven was the candidate of the Catholic party, Mr. Brooks supported the rector of Grace church, Brooklyn, and was always his loyal and devoted follower. The scene at the last ballot of this election was particularly exciting, when Mr. Richard H. Dana described Doctor Paddock as weak, boarding-house tea, which brought to his defence, in a very able and commanding speech, the Rev. Wm. R. Huntingdon, D.D., of Worcester. It was a memorable scene as the supporters of Doctor DeKoven gathered around the pulpit at St. Paul's and the supporters of Doctor Paddock clustered around the reading desk. It seemed like a line of battle—like that at the stone fence, where Pickett's Louisiana Tigers made their final charge at Gettysburg. But the eloquence and the sanity of Doctor Huntington turned the day, and Doctor Paddock was chosen to be Bishop Eastburn's successor.

It was soon after this event, while Brooks was still preaching twice a day to the crowds which pressed in at the Technological hall, that Doctor Vinton retired from Emmanuel church to his farm at Pomfret, Connecticut, and that youthful prodigy, the Rev. Leighton Parks, came from Geneva, Switzerland, to be his successor. At once that memorable friendship already spoken of sprang up between these two men, which lasted during Brook's entire life, and was a delight to both of these men and to the admiring members of the Clericus Club. Then, too, no matter what was the subject of discussion at the club, Parks was always withstood by the brilliant reasoning of the Rev. Percy Browne, then rector of St. James, Roxbury. So that at almost every meeting there was a fascinating passage of arms between "Parks and Percy," as Brooks termed the combatants.

During these days Mr. Brooks lived in Marlborough street, and was devoted in his preaching efforts at Appleton chapel, Cambridge. And thus this Technological

hall experience prepared the way for the new Trinity church, and for that greatest period of his wonderful ministry in Boston.

The new Trinity church, at Clarendon and Boylston streets, was the creation of the genius of the great architect, Mr. Richardson. This man was an immense and striking personality, and his conception of the new Trinity church was an entirely new departure in the sphere of ecclesiastical architecture. There was an Oriental vehemence in Richardson's creations which had a Moorish type about it, and when Brooks, with his phenomenal sense of color and vastness, added his suggestions to the brilliant achievement of his friend the architect, the result was most impressive. There was a famous, strong, wise, commonsense building committee, which carried out most successfully the conception of these two men; and so, amid sleepless nights for weeks and months on the part of Richardson, lest the piles at the foundation of Trinity church would not carry the weight of the tower, the great structure grew into completeness, like Robert Browning's poem of Abt Vogler at the organ, who wanted to see his Palace of Harmony stand out like frozen music in the skies.

When the church at last was consecrated and the new rectory was built, Mr. Brooks spent the years from 1877 to 1891 as rector of the new Trinity. There were generally three preaching services a Sunday, and during those years at the new church the parishioners of the Old Trinity and of the new following at Technological hall mingled together to form a composite people, like the Romans and the Sabines in the building of Rome. It was at this period, in the midst of all his greatness and glory, that he was called to Cambridge as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the place of Doctor Peabody. He wanted very much to accept this invitation, though

he had a sinister sort of misgiving about his capacity as a teacher ever since his Latin School experience. Later, in the year 1877, he was elected Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, which honor he promptly declined, feeling that his work was still at Trinity church, Boston.

It would have been a relief to him to have changed the character of his work, or to have eased his declining years by the genial routine of his life as Bishop of Pennsylvania, among the friends of his youth once more. But he kept on at his wonderful work at Trinity, making more frequent visits to Europe and taking longer and longer vacations to try and recruit the failing powers. And so at last, after Bishop Paddock's death, his friends decided that the only way to ease the work of the rector of Trinity church was to make him Bishop of Massachusetts, which thing they did in the spring of 1891.

Doctor Brooks was very coy and shy about this coveted honor. He wanted to be the Bishop of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but he did not want to make any movement towards it. I remember, at Bishop Paddock's funeral, how he said to some friends, "Who is there good enough to take this man's place?"

But at last he consented to be nominated, which graceful act was done by the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., of Worcester. Dr. Satterlee was his opponent, around whom conservative churchmen gathered. The Brooks ballots were oblong white tickets. The Satterlee ballots were shorter white ones.

Stationing myself near the clerical tellers, I counted ninety oblong ballots which had been deposited in the box for Brooks, seventy being the number necessary for a choice. This meant his election by the clergy. I knew the laity would affirm the choice.

Taking my hat, I ran over to the rectory, and rushing into his study, exclaimed, "Brooks, you are Bishop!

I have just counted ninety clerical ballots deposited for you." This statement was followed by an old-fashioned brotherly hug. His niece, Miss Gertrude Brooks, was the only other person in the room at this time. "Well," remarked the newly elected candidate, "the Diocese of Massachusetts has chosen a queer man to be its Bishop." And then laying down his cigar, he said, "But you may be mistaken, after all, with your counting of the ballots. Let us watch and see if any one else comes over to tell me." So we looked out of the window for fully twenty minutes, talking the pros and cons of the case and enjoying our cigars, until we saw Mr. Chester, the sexton, come running over to the rectory. He confirmed the news, and later on I found myself on a committee appointed by the Convention to announce formally to the Bishop-elect the fact of his election, which he had already known for half an hour's time.

And then the crowds poured in to congratulate him, and Bishop Clarke and a dozen of us sat down to dinner. I remember that "Parks and Percy" were a trifle hilarious at the dinner, and that Brooks whispered to the waitress, "Katy, please shut the door"; whereupon Bishop Clarke remarked, "You see, brethren, the element of caution is already at work in the mind of your Bishop."

The consecration of Phillips Brooks, on November 14, 1891, was the most impressive function in State or in Church that I have ever witnessed. I have seen the Pope at High Mass at St. Peter's, and have witnessed impressive ecclesiastical ceremonies in Moscow, Stockholm, Paris and London; but I never witnessed anything so deeply impressive as this consecration service of Phillips Brooks under the great dome of Trinity church. Just as he stood up in his episcopal robes to be received into the chancel along with the other Bishops, a pencil of light came streaming in through one of the great win-

dows, and as it rested upon him it seemed like a divine approval of the imposing service. And as he went out of the church side by side with Bishop Williams in the great procession, those words of the Apostle in that ascending series of praise seemed best to explain this noble life: "Whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate, and whom He did predestinate, him he also justified, and whom He justified, him he also glorified."

The episcopate of Bishop Brooks lasted only fifteen months. The life was too far spent to be saved even by this change. It was pathetic to see this once brave, self-reliant soul, struggling with the infirmities and besetments which seemed to enmesh him. His sympathetic care for the clergy was most manifest and beautiful. His appeals to the laity were manly and vigorous, but the life had spent itself in this wonderful ministry in Boston and the end was near at hand.

I shall never forget our last interview. He was presiding at a meeting of the clergy at the Diocesan House on Jay street on a certain afternoon. I had come from Pittsfield to attend the meeting, and had to retire early in order to take the train. As I stood at the door, back of the gathered clergy, unseen by any who were present, I placed a kiss on the second finger of my right hand and flung it at him. The worn and tired face looked up and smiled, and thus we parted.

This was in December. I was in Bermuda during the following January, and one day in a store, picking up a local paper, I read the notice of his death. But I could not realize it. The lines in the paper seemed utterly unreal.

But when in February I landed with my family on the bleak cold shores of North America, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero and the harbor of New York filled with huge floating blocks of ice, it

seemed as if the entire North American continent was desolate and deserted; not because it was February and the thermometer was below zero, but because Phillips Brooks had gone home, and I realized that I should see his face again no more.

PHILLIPS BROOKS AND HIS FRIENDS.

There was in Phillips Brooks's relationship to his friends the Endymion-like quality of an inexpressible charm. He idealized this inner coterie of his friends. They took the place in his life of the family idea. Instead of wife and children he nourished and cared for his friends. There was a charm and a graciousness about his letters, a reckless abandon and sprightliness of mischief, which was like nothing so much as the epistolary habit of mind of some sweet girl graduate at one of our great women's colleges. He could write such bright things and such funny things, and then would end them up with some postscript which showed the undisguised beatings of his great heart of love. It was this strange mixture of unutterable tenderness and elfin mischief which made it such difficult work to edit his letters carefully for the public. I remember when he was traveling in India that I sent him a printed copy of his life which I had prepared by request for a certain encyclopædia. His reply was characteristic: "I have read what you have written about a certain friend of yours, and should gather from what I could learn about him that he must be an extraordinary kind of chap. But that is not the sort of man I should care to meet or be compelled to travel with through India."

His first letter as Bishop of Massachusetts to me was formal and conventional, but on an extra leaf were these

words: "How is that for a bishop's letter? I think myself it is fine, and I am as ever the same old P. B."

The first real network of friendship was that which was occasioned by his life at the Virginia seminary in Alexandria. Dr. Sparrow and Dr. Packard, the young and handsome Henry C. Potter, with a lien already upon his future ecclesiastical pre-eminence, "Tom Yocom," with his round face like the face of the moon at the full, the Rev. Charles L. Richards and George A. Strong were his intimate friends and companions in those early formative days. His brothers, too, were always his friends and companions: there was nothing but the truest sense of comradeship in all his relationships with them, as one can see by his letters to them and the remembrance of his treatment of them. "Come, Johnnie," I once heard him say to the Rector of Christ church, Springfield, "don't stick in Springfield all the time, and don't try to possess the whole earth at once. Name the day, and we'll take a dead loaf together wherever you want to go."

But I think the most striking feature of Phillips Brooks's relationship with his friends was the marvellous, mysterious, uncanny faculty he had which amounted almost to a prescience of analyzing their character and predicting their future. This prophetic sense was always strong and sure. In a few bold strokes he would explain the causes of their success or failure, making far-reaching eductions from that which seemed to be the smallest and most trivial details.

I have never known one of Phillips Brooks's prophecies to fail. His predictions had about them the tone and character of Kant's imperative categories. There was no gainsaying them, there was no appeal from them. One might laugh at the way he put things, or venture to suggest that perhaps after all there might

be another side to the matter, but the prophetic verdict of Brooks's dictum, uttered, perhaps, in some expression of wit or pleasantry, remained forever lodged in the memory and sooner or later became verified by the subsequent events in the particular person's history.

It is said that all puppies grow up eventually to the size of their paws, and, when they become full-grown dogs, the size of their feet are not noticed. And there were many of Phillips Brooks's younger friends, the size of whose paws he recognized early in life, who took a long time to grow up to the earlier manifestation of their immature strength.

"When Blank comes to understand," said Brooks on one occasion, "that feeling is not thinking, and that emotion is not a negotiable element, he will become quite a useful minister." "That little thing which he calls his mind," was another of his expressions. How terrible it would be, we used to think, to have such a tag ticketed on to any of us. This Puritan sternness, this Hebrew sense of strength and of service, ran throughout Brooks's own life, and he did his friends an unspeakable kindness in sharing with them and in letting it also enter into their lives. For back of all his pleasantry and behind all his affection there lay this deep reserve of ethical force. And, as he demanded of himself obedience to this higher hidden standard, so he compelled his friends to share it with him, if indeed they would be his disciples.

Had Phillips Brooks been elected Bishop of Massachusetts fifteen years earlier in life, the Church would have seen and recognized this wonderful power which he possessed in the choice of men to be workers. We get glimpses of this power in his ministry in Philadelphia and in Boston. At the church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia he soon showed this elective faculty in the selection of his fellow-helpers. The creation of the Church

of the Holy Apostles is an instance of this. By the establishment of this parish he created a position for his life-long friend, Dr. Cooper; and with a prescience, which at that early period was most remarkable, detected in a certain young man at Holy Trinity church those elements of executive capacity which have made the career of Mr. George C. Thomas so phenomenal in the history of the American Church.

There was one other element in Brooks's relationship to his friends which reveals the inner character of man. He wanted his friends to satisfy his temperamental peculiarities, and to amuse him and play with him on the more superficial sides of his nature, the Saturday afternoons, as it were, of his life. For, after all, Brooks was a large-sized boy and carried this boyish student phase of life with him wherever he went. He liked to have his friends take an active part in the mental exhilaration of the meetings on great occasions, but for the continuous fare of friendship, like Robert Browning in his London life, he preferred that his friends should simply be pleasing and bring into his lonely life the double element of charm and buoyancy. And this is why he delighted so in the friendship of McVickar and Professor Allen and Learoyd and Cooper and Vinton and Parks and Percy Browne and Franks and Arthur Lawrence and Heber Newton and Richard Thomas and Robert Treat-Paine and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Dr. William R. Huntington.

In Boston, New York and Philadelphia these friends sprang up around him whenever he visited these places, and the old fun went on very much as, when one started a wound-up music-box, the old familiar tunes began to be heard once more. The fun would begin when Brooks would arrive, and it was like a prolonged children's party all the time of his visit. For after all Phillips

Brooks was a Greek, and delighted in nature and in men and in the expression of their character. And, whether he knew it or not, and whether they realized it or not these friends stood guard, explaining the social life of the hour to him, and interpreting their leader to the social life of the hour after the manner of the Greek chorus as given us in the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides.

APPENDIX.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA.

IN this chapter on "The Ecclesiastical Development of the Episcopal Church," I propose to speak of three aspects of the growth of this Church and shall divide the subject into three parts:

1. The meaning and mission of the Evangelical party.
2. The value and power of the High Church position.
3. The work and influence of the Broad Church school.

Before considering these, let me make emphatic the words here chosen. The first division of the Church is described as a "party." The second division is defined as a "position." The third division is named as an "influence."

The meaning and mission of the old Evangelical **party** is found in the twofold fact, first, that it defended liberty of prophesying, or the principle of voluntariness in worship and in giving; and, second, that it stood for the constitutional conception of the Episcopate, or the supremacy of canonical over personal authority. These were two great gifts wrung out of a long struggle and a stiff conscience. We are the children of those men who fought for principle, and have given us the heritage, which they won at the point of the sword. The strife is over now, and the smoke has cleared away. In a household of faith which is at unity with itself, we can afford to look at these bygone days in the calm attitude of a peace which has been won.

These "Evangelicals," or low churchmen, were the direct descendants of the English school of Cecil and Simeon and Romaine. Their great names on the other side of the water were Venn and Bickersteth, Leigh Richmond, Wilberforce, and John Newton. They brought into the cold and dead English Church the spiritual illumination of Wesley and Whitefield and the Methodist awakening.

Among the lectures named in the will of William Price, the founder of "The Price Lectures" in Trinity church, Boston, is one against enthusiasm, by which, curiously enough, was meant this same spirit of individual conviction or personal zeal in the Christian life.

These Evangelicals, or low churchmen, were scattered throughout the country. They were strong in Philadelphia and in the Middle States. They were a power in Virginia and South Carolina, where their theology took a strong Calvinistic turn, which reconciled them to slavery as one of the divine decrees, and there was a scattering of them in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Their names are a tower of spiritual strength today, and are a pride and glory to the Church in any age. Dr. John A. Stone, Dr. Dyer, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Dr. Milnor, Bishop Griswold, Dr. Andrews of Virginia, John A. Clark, William Ridgeley, the brilliant pamphleteer and editor, Bishop Chase with his Kenyon College scheme, Bishop McIlvaine with his "Oxford Divinity" and his warm welcome upon English shores, Bishop Eastburn with his uncompromising hostility to sacramental error of doctrine, Rev. Charles D. Cooper with his evangelical fervor, Bishop Lee, and one just taken from his loved circle, whose vigor of faith is living over again in the lives of unnumbered little ones to whom he had in his later years ministered, together with Hoffman the missionary, and Parvin and Rising, the heads of the two

great institutions of this phase of the Church's life, are a legacy of power, which is a gift to any church. And with these honored names comes the memory of one who threw the broad shield of his massive greatness over his development of the Church's life, whose intellectual breadth was subordinated to his spiritual convictions, and who covered the retreat of the Evangelicals after the Cummins movement—Alexander Hamilton Vinton. The intensity of feeling in the days which came after Tract No. 90 had been published at Oxford it is difficult at present to imagine or describe.

It would seem, at first sight, as if it were a foregone conclusion that if anything remained after the Evangelical party had done its work, it would be its radical, and yet, in a certain sense, its strong theology. This theology was the old Augustinian theology, which had survived the period of the Reformation, and had taken a new and practical turn during the great awakening of Methodism. Perhaps in no single ministry was this peculiar theology so strongly marked by the opposition which was vouchsafed to it, and the antagonistic influence which it exerted, as in the ministry of Bishop Eastburn, in Massachusetts. His Boston hearers and Beacon-street parishioners strongly objected to the uniform phraseology of Trinity-church pulpit, in which they were constantly addressed as worms, vile sinners, and children of wrath. The conventional "miserable sinners" of the Litany was one thing to these Boston church-goers; the copious repertoire of Evangelical phrases from the pulpit, in which these worshippers were classed with convicts, was quite another thing. It was this feature of mal-assimilation with the New England mind in Bishop Eastburn's character and career which Dr. Vinton analyzed in his celebrated funeral sermon upon the second Bishop of Massachusetts. This lack of adaptability

of the vital principle of Christianity to the conditions and wants of a changing age, as seen in such an experience as that of Bishop Eastburn's, would form a strong answer to the position which John Foster has taken in his once famous essay on "The Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." But it was in the essential nature of things that there should be an inherent and necessary protest in the fresh hearts of a new generation against the fundamental principles of the Evangelical theology. It was not its profound views of human sin, or of the necessity of a Saviour, or of the unalterable distinction between right and wrong, which brought to bear upon the standards and system of the Evangelicals the opposition of the generation which came after them. It was something quite distinct from this merely theological structure of their creed, which caused the children to avoid the theology of their fathers, and develop a new one, fitted to the wants of their special age. The secret of the fall of this school of thought was found rather in the fact that the practical, systematic, almost commercial, view of theology which was preached, was found to be inadequate to the wants of the human heart, and was not deep and profound enough in its grasp of thought for the intricate recesses of human life and character. The "simple gospel," the "clear views," justification by faith, the commercial conception of the covenant, of the blood of reconciliation, of the Anselmic atonement, of the Calvinistic election, and of a stronger than Tridentine theory of future punishment, hell and retribution, stronger than the statement of Trent (because the Council of Trent furnished a convenient outlet in the doctrine of purgatory, while any escape from perdition was to the Evangelical unknown), were doctrines which could not last beyond the strength of the individual convictions which maintained them. This structure of

thought was the fashion of the religious mind of that day; but this theological mould could not produce the form of thought for the age which was to come after it. The keynote to all this radical theology of the Evangelical party was found in the word "satisfaction." The divine nature was satisfied by the Atonement of Christ. This was enough; more than this could not be desired or expected. Human nature, therefore, ought to be satisfied with this simple gospel, since the divine nature was satisfied with this its own foreordained plan and decree.

An infant-school teacher in one of these churches rejoiced in the fact that her scholars, all under six years of age, could separately and individually state clearly and explicitly, in theological terms, the entire plan of salvation. This central thought of satisfaction showed itself in many curious way. It raised party zeal to the high pitch of religious fanaticism. Not to vote with this party in any councils or conventions of the Church, was of the nature of a moral wrong, for Sacramentalism was always deadly error, and Evangelicalism always stood for clear views of truth. It showed itself in a strange and subtle way in the architecture of this phase of the Church's life. With the rise and progress of the Evangelical party there appeared a strange renaissance of pagan temples. The Parthenon at Athens, the temples of Jupiter and Bacchus and Apollo, appeared in brick and plaster, with sanded columns of the Ionic, Doric and Corinthian orders. Carved Bacchantes formed the communion-rail of a certain church in Philadelphia built on the heathen model of a temple of Bacchus, with imitation iron wine-butts for the gas chandeliers. It is difficult to find the connecting link between this revival of pagan architecture and the rise of the Evangelical school of thought and life. But Robertson, in his striking essay on Wordsworth, throws no little light upon this

curious conjunction. The Grecian temple, he says, always stood, with its straight lines, rectangular form, and square, flat roof, for the thought of pagan satisfaction. The Gothic building, with its tapering tower, and its vaulted arches reaching into the dim roof, stood for the thought of Christian aspiration. The pagan temple of the Greeks meant completion, satisfaction and definiteness of creed. The pointed arch of the Gothic architecture, with its tapering finger reaching up amid the clouds, meant mystery, aspiration and devout meditation. Curiously enough, this position was realized in the architectural expression of these two schools of thought in the Church. While the Evangelicals were seeking to make their church buildings give expression to the thought of theological satisfaction, their High Church, or Anglican, brethren were turning everything they could lay their hands upon into the mould of the Gothic arch and the Norman tower. But let us return to the direct subject before us.

I have said that the men who were the leaders of the Evangelical school of thought, stood for two practical principles in our common Church life, after they had made their party witness to what they called the simple gospel. They did not hand down as their heritage to the Church which was to come after them, the direct gift of their systematic theology, or their so-called simple gospel. They left us, instead of this, two distinct but indirect gifts as the results of their struggles and experience.

The first of these gifts was liberty of prophesying, or the principle of voluntariness in worship. Perhaps we do not realize now the deep philosophy which was underlying this plea of the Evangelical, for the liberty of extemporaneous worship. It was the stifled cry of the mystic, which went up from the soul to God, outside

the channel of priest or Prayer Book, or sacrament. The Church has never lacked its mystics, and the mystics have never failed to bring a blessing to the Church in every age. These men were the mystics of our Church, and a deep and irrepressible conviction nerved their spirits to be valiant for the truth in their day and generation. They had meetings in "groves." They had associations or revivals of religion, which were to them what their missions are to the ritualists of today. They had afternoon prayer meetings in their churches, where robes were not allowed to be worn, but into which, at the same time, no mere Gallio-kind-of-seedling-young-broad-churchmen were admitted, who came with secular black cravats, instead of the regulation white tie. They believed that they had a right to use extemporaneous prayers. They believed they had the right to give their money where they chose, and not through the agency which boards or bishops decreed should be the only channel. Under this conviction there sprang into life those three great institutions which attracted to themselves the generous gifts of many rich and influential laymen—"The Evangelical Knowledge Society," "The American Church Missionary Society," and "The Evangelical Education Society."

The right of extemporaneous prayer, which our ritualistic brethren today rejoice in, was won for them by the efforts of the Church's life. Bishop Doane of New Jersey, in his home at Burlington, forbade these meetings in the grove, and issued a pamphlet against such free gatherings. To this the Rev. Simeon Wilmer replied vigorously in another pamphlet. The Rev. Benjamin Allen, then rector of St. Paul's, Philadelphia, declared, like his illustrious namesake at Ticonderoga, that "in the name of the great Jehovah" they would stand upon the rightfulness of the liberty of prophesying, until

they stood before the judgment bar of God. And thus it came to pass that out of this principle of liberty of prophesying, there grew the other principle for which these men contended, viz., the constitutional conception of the Episcopate, or the supremacy of canonical over personal authority. These men did not dislike the word "Bishop," but they objected strongly to the word "Prelate." When they thought of a bishop, they thought of Cranmer; when they thought of a prelate, their minds reverted to Laud. This distinction culminated in that saddest of all episodes, the famous Cheney trial in Chicago, where the outlawed presbyter stood for the old spirit of the Puritan commonwealth, and where the temper of the bishop was the Laudean spirit reproduced in history. But the prelatical view of the Episcopate experienced a rude shock in the trials of the bishops of that period, no less than four bishops suffering at the hands of their canonical authorities. From this cyclone of judicial wrath, Prelacy in the American Church has never recovered. With the election of Dr. Alonzo Potter, however, was ushered in the era of the constitutional Episcopate. Prelacy has virtually disappeared, and these resolute, indomitable Evangelicals helped more than any other set of men to bring about this great result. They answered back with fire and with conviction whenever a bishop, or a board, or a machine in Church politics tried to suppress them with a mere *ipse dixit*. They would obey canonical authority, not mere personal opinion shaped in the official setting of authority. They would obey the law of the Church, but it must be clearly marked as canon law; it must not be mere prerogative or tradition. And surely this was a great gift to the Church—a gift which has shown itself in the rising power and influence of our later House of Bishops. It is Moberly, in his Bampton Lectures of

1868 on "Administration of the Spirit," who uses these words: "The practice of the Episcopal Church in the United States, and now happily introduced in some of our own colonial dioceses, in respect of the election of Bishops, seems to approach more nearly than that of any other portion of the Catholic Church to the primitive model described by Cyprian." To the Evangelicals belongs the praise of insisting upon the election of men of power, of conscience, and of constitutional fitness. They stood out for a great principle against all mere time-serving policy. They carried their conscience into the matter of Episcopal elections, and in this way they rescued the Church from ecclesiastical tradition and mere official institutionalism. Their faith stood to them for every thing; and they carried that faith with them to the highest tribunal of the Church.

This old Evangelical party has had a meaning, and has done a mission. It stood for a bold and simple conception of the Christian faith, and was ready to die for its faith like any of the martyrs. And though the theology it fought for has changed its form of expression, in a new and unforeseen age, the two great results of the struggle of these men of faith remain to us as a precious heritage. And these are, liberty of prophesying, or the voluntary principle in worship and in giving; and the constitutional conception of the Episcopate, or the supremacy of canonical over personal authority.

II. THE VALUE AND POWER OF THE CHURCH POSITION.

Value and power are terms of political economy. It is with something of this same utilitarian sense, that I find myself using these words, as the fittest explanation which comes to hand, whereby to translate into simple language the results of the teaching and influence of the

High Church party. The earlier Evangelicals confidently supposed that it would be their clear views of simple truth which would remain as the work of their life-long protest. But the theology of the Evangelicals has passed away, and that which remains as the result of their work is the twofold gift of liberty of prophesying and the constitutional conception of the Episcopate. The earlier high churchmen, in the same way, supposed that it would be their testimony to Church order and the efficacy of sacramental grace, which would remain after they themselves had passed away. But, curiously enough, the gift of these zealous churchmen to the churchmanship of today, comes to us as a heritage of method, rather than a heritage of creed. The element which survives the death of these workmen is not so much a sacramental theology as it is an ecclesiastical polity. This subtle experience of the happening of "the unexpected" is the truthfulness of the principle contained in Robertson's remarkable sermon about the illusiveness of life. The high principles which we defend, and the high ideals we strive for are illusive, not delusive. We strive for something, and get, not the thing we strive for, but a reality which is better, after all, than the object of our search; just as children romp and frolic on the playground and secure, not the game won every time, but health and strength obtained by the exercise, which is Nature's illusive way of developing their powers. In the same way the zealous high churchmen strove to make the Church inherit their stalwart views of sacramental grace. That which we find they really did bequeath to the Church, as the result of their teaching and experience, was not a body of theology, but an ecclesiastical polity. They left to the Church of the present, as the result of their labors, two great gifts. And these gifts are (1) the value of ecclesiastical over theological uniformity; and

(2) the objective sacraments, rather than the subjective emotions, as the standard of the Church's life.

So, then, we can rightfully name the legacy of this strong school of Church life and thought "the value and power of the High Church position." It was a *position* which these men took; and this position had a *value*, and is to-day a *power*. It is Lucock, in his studies of the Prayer Book, who takes the ground that the Church has grown from the moment it took a positive position and vigorously asserted itself. There were bishops in the American Church who were pious, pure-minded, respectable gentlemen, hard-headed Tories, and moderate churchmen. But there was no one who advanced the Church idea with such relentless persistence as that defender of the faith and advocate of Church doctrine, order and discipline, in whom centered the glory of the High Church party—Bishop John Henry Hobart of New York. There is a time to push principles, and a time to wait and let them quietly develop by their own inherent powers. Bishop Hobart was born at a period when the Church needed a vigorous advocate to secure for it a retaining point among the flowering and blossoming religious faiths of the day. He did his aggressive work in a manner worthy of the zeal of the Jesuits in North America, whom our historian, Parkman, has so graphically described. He was no mere ecclesiastical functionary. There were bishops around him who were men of ease and culture, who took life easily. The painful controversy with Bishop Prevoost, in which the young bishop was supported by his diocesan convention, shows the opposition which any new departure in Church life was sure at that day to engender. But Bishop Hobart went, like Bernard of old, preaching his crusade; and the clergy and laity of his diocese caught his spirit and followed in the same ag-

gressive trail. Bible societies, tract societies, union movements, charities, philanthropies, and all that class of work, were with him secondary to the great task of preaching the divine mission of the Church, which, by a variety of metaphors, met a variety of human wants. At one moment it was the ark of safety; at another moment it was the pillar and ground of the faith. But it was always the one thing which the crude and ill-compacted country needed—the one thing which, by a divine commission, was laid upon its ministers to propagate. Bishop Wilberforce, in his history of the Church in America, thus emphasizes the work and influence of this representative bishop: "Hobart was a man who, at any time, would have left on his communion an impress of his own character. In the unformed state of institutions and opinions in that land, it could not fail of being deeply and broadly marked. . . . It is clear that he was raised up to do a special work, to consolidate and bind together the loose and crumbling mass, to raise the general tone, to animate their zeal, to save them from the fatal apathy into which they were subsiding."

To Bishop Hobart belongs the honor of leading the Church out of its mere routine barrack life, and of making a charge upon a credulous and unbelieving land. There were many others with him who shared in this movement. But Bishop Hobart was "facile princeps" in this advance which began to make the despised Episcopal Church a national Church, and no longer a mere social transplant from the aristocratic life of England. These High churchmen who preached sacramental grace and baptismal regeneration, and apostolic succession, were quite as marked by their convictions as their rival Evangelical brethren. They fasted heavily in Lent. They dressed with long black coats buttoning up to the chin.

They abhorred Evangelicalism, and knew nothing as yet of ritualism. The cut of their clothes, and their surplices, was according to an ecclesiastical pattern, which had been evolved out of logical syllogisms, not out of esthetic principles. Their churches all budded into Gothic angles and arches; as by the same law of architectural expression, we have seen that the churches of the Evangelicals took on the lines and form of pagan temples. Their walk in the street was angular and platoon-like. They sank their individualism in the church's institutionalism, and grew in some strange way to look alike. Carlyle's philosophy of clothes in his "Sartor Resartus" applied to them. One could generalize from their outward covering what their internal, mental structure would be. Their dress became an outward expression of an inward set of reticulated convictions. They said "*Ah-men*" and never "*Amen*," and always sang a certain set of churchly hymns and Gregorian tunes. They, and their clothes, have mostly passed away now, or have emerged through a state of chrysalis into variegated ritualists; as the followers of the Evangelicals, by the same mysterious process, have mounted on the restless wing of the Liberal, after the manner of the fully-developed dragon-fly. But they have done their work,—a great work and a necessary work,—and they, too, have left us a valued heritage.

But that which remains after these workers have passed away is not the direct object for which they contended, but an indirect legacy of experience. The work of these men has indicated the power of the position which they took in advocating their favorite theories. The first gift they have unconsciously bestowed upon the church which has come after them, is the realization which the men of today see enforced upon all sides of the value of ecclesiastical over theological uniformity.

The polity of Presbyterianism seems cumbrous by the side of the successful working of a common-sense episcopacy. It would be hard work to fight a campaign by a presbytery of generals. Cromwell tried it, and finding it would not do, struck out at once into independency. Today the burdensome polity and the enforced dogmatic teaching of the Presbyterian church, alike warn the leaders of that great organization that they must throw aside some of their outworn dogmas, the mere *impedimenta* of their forefathers' campaigns, or must lag behind in the march of the present, with its demand for vital truth alone. The cumbrous system of representation in the Presbytery, the load of dogma carried down from generation to generation, the practical impossibility of teaching the Westminster catechism to the children of the present, show us how much wiser it is for a church to unite upon a practical working system, than upon the enforced interpretation of a theological statement.

A policy is much better to unite upon for practical work than a creed; and it is the discovery of this fact which is of value to us. It is the position of the Episcopal church in this matter which makes it a power.

So that by our practical experience, it appears plain, after very little effort at attempting to demonstrate it, that the first gift bequeathed to the church by the High church school of thought is the conscious revelation of the value of ecclesiastical over theological uniformity.

But there was yet another gift to the church by these zealous High churchmen. It was the realization, after a long and hard-won experience, that the objective sacraments, rather than the subjective emotions, form the true standard of the church's life.

We are always seeking for a standard of action, whatever our occupation in life may be. A book by Piazzini

Smith has been lately written to prove that the pyramids were built to be the accepted standard of trigonometry in the civilization of the Pharaohs.

Lieutenant Weyprecht, the German explorer, was the originator of the circumpolar stations of investigation in the arctic circle; to represent which, on the part of America, General Greely went on his perilous journey northward.

This system of circumpolar stations was the attempt, by the scientific method, to have a definite standard of observations from a well-defined and concurrent series of investigating stations, so that the work of exploring the hidden North Pole could go on from a systematic line of approach. And in the religious life of the church we must have something which can be used as the common standard, recognized alike by all, and of certain and undisputed value. We may take the Bible; but the Bible is read today with unvarying interpretations, and with different theories of the quality of its inspiration. We may use the pulpit as our standard; but with us no two pulpits are ever found to speak alike. We may take the prayer meeting as the standard of religious life; but a prayer meeting can become as formal as the Roman mass, and the experiences given forth there may be utterly hollow and unreal.

But our Lord established two sacraments. One is the sacrament of admission into the church, and has for its symbol of purity the element of water; the other is the sacrament of continuance in the faith, and has for its symbol the elements of physical nutrition.

What can be better than the symbols which our Lord himself established? Why not gather around these when Christians come together?

Children gather around the schoolhouse when the bell rings; travellers cluster around the gate when the hour

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comes, and, looking at the clock, pass through the gateway to take the waiting train. Soldiers salute their flag in the days of peace, and broken regiments rally around it on the hard-fought field. Error may creep in; superstition, through the human passion for idolatry, may change the sacrament into a mass.

But the trouble is in the weakness of human nature; it is not in the sacraments which our Lord himself ordained.

The sacraments are fixed and abiding; human feelings are uncertain and variable. The definite fact of the sacrament remains; the indefinite emotions of the individual suffer a change.

There was very deep wisdom, based upon a profound view of human nature's wants, which urged the high churchman to stand by the font and the altar until the church, rising above any mere party narrowness, should come round to this position, and in its wise and generous comprehension exclaim, "Wait, O my soul, upon the Lord!"

By this citadel of truth, this school of thought stood firmly. And today the church at large is reaping the fruit of this wise decision of these stalwart churchmen,—that the objective sacraments form a better standard for the church's life than the subjective emotions.

The value of ecclesiastical over theological uniformity, and the objective sacraments rather than the subjective emotions, as the standard of the church's life, is the two-fold gift to us of the High church school of thought.

We forget today the peculiar phraseology and the shibboleths of these brave workers and defenders of the past. They stood by their convictions, and left us a blessing which is making itself manifest in our church life today.

It is difficult to fix an exact date to the advent of this third and latest school of thought in the church life in America. The year 1845 marks the beginning of Bishop Alonzo Potter's remarkable episcopate of twenty years. This was, as we have seen, the beginning of a new conception of church life in the Episcopal church. The wonderful influence of this man silently made itself felt in the councils of the church. The contagion of his example was felt in that hitherto narrow corporation, the House of Bishops. A definite something was found as the residuum of his life and teaching that was simply known as churchmanship, without the addition of any adjectives which had to do with lines of trigonometry, such as height, or depth, or breadth.

Twenty years after Bishop Alonzo Potter's consecration, or about the year 1865, the first few Broad Churchmen in this American Episcopal church appeared. It would be a hard matter at present to name them, even if such an enumeration should be deemed wise. It is difficult to tell where they came from, or from what quarter they developed.

But the important thing is that they began to appear. They came as the first robins come in the spring-time, suddenly, and yet in groups; or as the clustering quail bunch together in the thickets in October.

Some of them came from the families and the seminaries which had hitherto been known as the shrines of evangelicalism. Others came from an intellectual development which burned its legitimate way through the equilateral boundaries of Anglican High churchmanship. To some the Evangelical hypothesis was not sufficient for the demands of the new age. To others the dogmatic decisions of the church fathers proved themselves inadequate to minds which were *en rapport* with the thought and spirit of the present-day outlook upon life. A casual

observer would not take these young men for clergymen. They found themselves, by some mysterious occult law, warring with the traditions and temperament of the clerical mind. A black tie or scarf took the place of the old white cravat; a scholarly way of looking at things usurped the old foregone conclusion of the party verdict. The older fathers looked upon them as mere theological and ecclesiastical Gallios; but the people were glad to hear them, and the pulpits where they preached brightened with a fresh hue of interest.

Theological club life asserted itself with these young Broad Churchmen. They had their "clericus clubs" in the large cities; their preachers were beginning to make themselves felt, and in not a few seminaries their influence was felt most decidedly.

There were three marked leaders to this latest school of church life. Perhaps they were not looked upon at the time as leaders, but the verdict of posterity has marked them as such. The first of these men was William Augustus Muhlenberg, whose inspiring life has recently been told in the interesting volume from the pen of Miss Anne Ayres. Dr. Muhlenberg was the seer and the poet of this latest school of church life. He would not deny the power and the beauty of the old, but at the same time he believed in the surely coming new. He rejoiced in both the terms, or Shibboleths, of the parties that had gone before, so that at last he called himself an Evangelical Catholic, with the accent on the third syllable of the word "evangelical," and not, as the stalwarts of that party put it, on the *first* syllable of the word, spelled with a great big letter "E." His poetry, his church of the Holy Communion, his St. Luke's Hospital, his dream of St. Johnland, and the long hoped-for Inter-Ecclesiastical Congress, together with his memorial papers to the

General Convention, mark him as the poet, or the creative mind, of this latest school of thought.

He passed the days of his own generation as a visionary, a dreamer, a beautiful spirit with Utopian ideas continually before him, but not as one of the practical men of the church's life and thought. Today the so-called practical men of that period are alike forgotten, while the spirit of Muhlenberg is at the van of the church's life of the present.

If Muhlenberg was the vates, or seer, of the broad church movement, Dr. Edward A. Washburn was its philosopher. He formulated spiritual sentiments into philosophical propositions. He was, after all, the true leader of this latest school of church thought. His spacious study in the rectory of Calvary church, New York, was the trysting place where the younger clans of the church met and fought out their doubts, and perplexities, and fears. Here the "Living Church" was born, whose motto, taken from the old hymn of St. Bernard, might have been,

"Brief life is here our portion."

It was named and dubbed for its knightly work at a large meeting held in this same study, wherein bishops, doctors of divinity, and seeking students were alike eager with the hope of a new light dawning o'er the gloomy hills of ecclesiastical darkness. In this same study the plans for the proposed Church congress saw the light of day. Who that was at the early meeting of these men of liberal thought can ever forget the figure of Dr. Washburn, as with graceful, military stride, he held the imaginary doctrine or proposition in the fingers of his left hand, and, thrusting it out at arms' length, demolished it with the sabre swing of his right arm; while he braced back his square-set shoulders, as if ready to meet

the onslaught of some attacking force? It was Washburn who gave dignity and power to views and opinions, which in themselves were too often crude and ill-compacted. The rich machinery of his spirit worked out a strong and philosophical conclusion to every thing he laid his mental grasp upon; and the broad church school thought in America rose slowly and grandly to a position of dignified leadership as Dr. Washburn became its acknowledged head and master.

If Muhlenberg was the seer, and Washburn the philosopher, John Cotton Smith was the statesman of this third school of thought in the American Episcopal church.

Dr. Smith came of a race and pedigree which knew how to bend gracefully. He had in his composition something of the politician, something of the courtier, and a great deal that was statesman-like. In a notice of his death the "New York Times" spoke in the following words of this vigorous worker:

"Of the three leaders who have dropped out of the ranks of the Episcopal clergy in this city during the last two years, Dr. John Cotton Smith was the youngest, and in some respects the ablest. Dr. Osgood had large culture, and drew more closely together the affiliated interests of religion and society than they had been drawn before his day. Dr. Washburn organized and developed the broad church school of thought, and united, in a rare degree, the man of letters with the quality which made a preacher of unusual force and power. Dr. Smith had the same love of letters and discursive learning, but possessed a broader and more generalizing mind. He united the statesman with the man of thought. He was deeply interested in social and religious movements. His heart and mind went together in efforts to regenerate society, and in his hand a metropolitan parish came to represent the forces which touch humanity in every

direction. The abstract tendency of his mind was largely controlled by his practical interest in the lives of his fellow men. He illustrated, as also did Dr. Muhlenberg before him, the modern way of making the Christian church inclusive of all the ethical movements of the day. This large plan of working placed him in an exceptional position. He became a notable clergyman. He never shut himself up within what has been sarcastically termed the 'Anglican paddock.' His parish was worked after a liberal fashion, and his ideas of what belonged to a clergyman of the last part of the nineteenth century followed in the same order. He never swerved from the standards and obligations of ecclesiastical authority in his own communion; and yet, perhaps, no clergyman in the Episcopal church enjoyed to the same extent the confidence of Christian people in other religious bodies. He had little sympathy with ecclesiastical exclusiveness. His mind and hand were in accord with what is best in American thought and life. He comprehended the lines of direction in the Episcopal church, and had a large share in the pacifying influences which finally overcame the extremes of opinions prevalent in that body ten years ago. It was generally felt that in foresight, in the knowledge of men, in the recognition and accomplishment of possibilities, and in the ability to influence others, he had the qualities of leadership to a rare degree, and this was a prominent feature of his latter life. He was trusted for his correct insight into the directions of current opinion, and beloved for the courage and honesty with which he stood by his liberal convictions. He did something to widen the range and enlarge the possibilities of the Episcopal church, to strengthen and broaden its sympathies with what is best in American thought and mind. Though he had done much for a man in his fifty-sixth year, his mind was still growing; and had his life been

extended to the usual span of years his influence would have been felt still more strongly as an ecclesiastical leader, and as the kind of a teacher most needed in the present tendencies of American Christianity."

But although Muhlenberg was the seer, Washburn the philosopher, and Cotton Smith, with his "Church and State," the statesman of this school of thought, there were others who were none the less leaders in this movement. The rector of Trinity church, Boston, was the great preacher of this phase of religious thought and life, and guarded with a fervent care, like the burden of the Jewish prophets of old, the great citadel of individualism.

He touched us all with his magic wand of power! He opened streams in the desert, and lo, the long-hidden waters gushed out! What is not owing to this great brother and leader from the younger preachers and workers of today, for making it a delight and an inspiration to walk before the Lord in the land of the living! Dr. Osgood gave his learning; Dr. Mulford and Professor Allen of Cambridge, have enriched the theology and ecclesiastical history of the church with their healthful and vigorous contributions to the world of religious thought, Heber Newton has taught us in plain and strong terms the right and wrong uses of the Bible; while individual pulpits and isolated dioceses have shown the power of the preachers who have occupied them, and the bishops who have guarded them. And this latest development of thought and life has been brought about, not so much by any party's organization as by the work and influence of an unorganized school of liberal thought. The Broad church school in America has slowly but surely put the Episcopal church well in the forefront as the leader and inspirer of the other religious organizations around her.

The work of this school has been twofold :

1. First of all, these broad churchmen have unloaded the church of its superfluous and merely traditional dogma. They have reduced the dogmatic habit and tendency to its lowest possible terms. There has been a vast clearing of the deck of its traditional and unnecessary dogma. These later teachers and thinkers have dwelt less and less among the doctrines and traditions, and more and more among the simple verities as found in the realm of ethics, morality, and the world of right living and honest thought. The inductive habit of mind has taken the place of the older method of theological deduction and, in accordance with the old motto of Terence, they have proved that nothing which is human can ever be foreign to the wants of humanity. This is undoubtedly the first gift to the church of the present, from this third and latest school of church life.

2. The other gift to the church has been the establishment of the free platform of the church congress. This church-congress system was first tried as an experiment in 1871, and is an importation of the later life of the English church.

The experiment of the congress in this country has not only been the greatest possible success in the way of producing liberality and vitality of thought in the Episcopal church; its method has proved to be the connecting link between the Episcopal church and the sister historic churches of this land, so that the Church congress has grown into the "Congress of Churches," and the "Congress of Churches" has led the way to the theoretical "United Churches of the United States," which may yet in time become a practical unity without being a dead uniformity.

But it is time to bring this chapter to a close. The mission and meaning of the Evangelical party, the value

and power of the High church position, the work and influence of the Broad church school, show us the gifts of the church of yesterday to the life of today.

It is thus that this church, through the growth and development of its separate and distinct schools of thought, becomes a heritage of faith and experience, which already lays its vigorous hand upon the church life of the future! Can we not, then, say of this church of ours, in the matchless language of the psalm, "Qui regis Israel," as, with gratitude for its definite past, and confidence in its generous present, we await the developments of the future with a keen and active eye, ever upon the alert for practical, and not mere fictitious or sentimental, unity in this highly favored land of ours, "Thou has brought a vine out of Egypt: Thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou madest room for it, and when it had taken root, it filled the land. She stretched out her branches unto the sea, and her boughs unto the river. Turn Thee again, thou God of hosts: show the light of Thy countenance, and we shall be whole."

To Bishop Hobart belongs the honor of leading the church out of its mere routine barrack life, and of making a charge upon the credulous and unbelieving land. There were many others with him who shared in this movement. But Bishop Hobart was *facile princeps* in this advance which began to make the despised Episcopal church a national church.



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